JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 29, 1923. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 2d.

# JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 817 SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1923 TWOPENCE

Monopole Russian "Belmont" Cigarettes

possess the delicate flavour and sweet fragrance that make Russian Cigarettes unique.

10 for 6d 20 for 1/-

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

# Fair-play for Labour

by A. G. GARDINER


## CORNS, ACHES, TENDERNESS, CHILBLAINS, Etc.

## Bid them *GOOD-BYE*. NOT *AU REVOIR!*

**"You will never see them again after using Reudel Bath Saltrates. No excuse now for suffering from corny, calloused, tired, tender, aching feet," says T. Haylock (*Tug of War Olympic Champion, 1908*).**

**When sore, tired, tender feet ache like ulcerated teeth and when callouses, smarting, burning, chafing or other foot afflictions make life miserable just try this, and then see how quickly you can bid all the torture a final good-bye.**

Cutting the top of a corn off with a razor or burning it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc., doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning. Also, it hurts, and the root just sprouts right up again, so your corn soon has a brand new top on it, bigger than ever. The top is only dead skin, anyway. The business end of a corn is the little pointed part, or core, that extends down into the toe. That is what hurts when it presses on sensitive nerves, and it is the part you have to get out. Cutting the top off an aching tooth wouldn't stop the ache. Same way with a corn. Don't worry about the top. Get after the *root*, by using a good handful of refined *Reudel Bath Saltrates*, dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water. I just soaked my feet in this for a while, then took hold of the corn with my fingers and out she came, root and all, like the hull comes out of a strawberry. Only a little hole or depression was left in the toe, and that soon closed, so there was nothing left in there to sprout a new corn again. It didn't affect the surrounding flesh at all, but soon softened the whole of the corn.

No burning or soreness, no pain, no danger, no trouble, and no days of waiting to see whether that old corn is going to leave for good or stay with you indefinitely. Soften callouses the same way, then scrape off, and I don't dare tell you how quickly this medicated water will drive aches, chafes, blisters, sores, or even rheumatic pains away. It would sound too good to be true; but many former sufferers can tell you what wonderful stuff 'saltrated' water is. The refined *Reudel Bath Saltrates* compound costs very little, and every chemist has it. A half-pound will be sufficient to make several gallons of the medicated water, and rid the whole family of foot troubles.

NOTE.—A medical man when shown the above said: "The *Reudel Bath Saltrates* referred to is a remarkably efficient compound of pure refined mineral salts. This produces medicated and oxygenated water similar to that found at famous hot medicated springs, the ingredients of the natural waters, of course, having been exactly ascertained by analysis. 'Saltrated' water acts upon dead, calloused, hardened and 'corny' skin (in which there is no blood circulation) by dissolving and extracting the oil or sebaceous matter therefrom. This leaves the skin soft and 'pulpy,' so it is easily picked out or scraped off. The water, when medicated in this way, has no effect whatever upon sound and healthy skin."

# Fire! Flood! Storm! Tempest!

## 1923 takes a Heavy Toll

## How JOHN BULL Helps its Readers

THE year that is passing has witnessed some of the worst storms within living memory. Jagged lightning has reduced numbers of our readers' homes to ashes; storms and gales have played havoc with hundreds more; rivers have burst their banks, inundating and ruining the homes that stood in their path. Fire, too, has taken an extra heavy toll, in many cases reducing to ruins homes that took a lifetime to get together. But, fortunately, in the case of those who had taken the precaution to register, "John Bull" cheques to the number of thousands have averted what might have meant total loss. *"John Bull's" Insurance benefits include those on account of Fire, Storm, Flood, Explosions of Gas or Domestic Boilers, Burst Hot-water Pipes, Sickness, Home Accidents, Sports Injuries, Boating and Bathing Accidents, etc., etc.* **SIGN NOW!**

### FIRE
### Up to £400

TEMPSFORD, Nr. SANDY, BEDS.—W. URQUHART, White Hart Inn.
LLANBRADACH.—J. MILSOM, 42, Wingfield Crescent.
BELFAST.—J. AVERY, 26, Lorton Street.
MITCHAM.—P. BURTON, 25, Pitcairn Road.
EBBW VALE, MON.—Mrs. W. JONES, 6, Institution Terrace.
KIMBERLEY, NOTTS.—Mrs. S. M. BURROWS, 3, Edgwood Road.
EBBW VALE.—Mrs. C. WILLEY, 4, Institution Terrace.
OLD HILL, Nr. DUDLEY.—Mrs. A. NOCK, 13, Spring Meadow.
PLUMSTEAD, S.E. 18.—Mrs. R. STEER, 1, Heverham Road.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. S. THOMPSON, 4, Pierson Street, North Ormesby.
EDINBURGH.—L. SLOUTHER, 55, Pleasance.
DUDLEY.—J. LLOYD, 1, The Croft, Woodside.
MILFORD HAVEN.—Mrs. H. JONES, 190, Robert Street.
YEOVIL.—Mrs. A. ROBINS, 2, Clarence Terrace, Stars Lane.
MANCHESTER.—W. DUNN, 2, Olga Terrace, Slack Road, Blackley.
DUNDEE.—H. BELLAMY, 109, South Road, Lochee.
BIRMINGHAM.—J. KELLY, 1/66, Dudley Road.
SHEFFIELD.—J. H. KIRKHAM, 8, Ct. 6 House, Apple Street.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—J. GALLAGHER, 29, Penn Street.
CAMBUSLANG.—Mrs. P. McKENNA, 439, Hamilton Road.
E. DULWICH, S.E.—W. RAND, 8, Rodwell Road.
ABERDEEN.—Mrs. G. DUNCAN, 15, Mealmarket Street.
HARWICH.—T. WARE, Old Battery Cottage, Stour Road.
BIRMINGHAM.—W. H. EVANS, 78, Dugdale Street, Winson Green.
CASTLEFORD, YORKS.—A. DOBSON, 74, Lumley Street, Hightown.
GREENOCK.—Mrs. E. TURNER, 70, Ann St.
LEICESTER.—W. B. FISHER, 17, Merridale Road.
SALOP.—W. BAILEY, Park Inn, Dawley.
HALESOWEN.—J. D. HARRIS, 6 and 7, High Street.
ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. M. WIGMORE, 85, Lordens Hill, Dinnington.
EDINBURGH.—D. WATSON, 1, Belmond Place, Abbeyhill.
CROSS KEYS, MON.—G. HUGGINS, 149, Islwyn Road, Waitsville.
HEDNESFORD.—Mrs. M. TAYLOR, 167, Bradbury Lane.
PORTHCAWL.—Mrs. D. POWELL, 1, Loughour Row, Nottage.
HIGHGATE, N. 6.—W. J. HALSEY, 11, Castle Yard.
PORTSMOUTH, Nr. TODMORDEN.—Mrs. A. CAPRICK, 10, Shed Street.
PETERHEAD.—G. Parkinson, 17, Talbooth Wynd.
BRACEBRIDGE.—Mrs. A. BAKER, 12, Albany Terrace.
BRINSLEY, NOTTS.—Mrs. E. WILES, Hall Farm.

### STORM
### Up to £300

TREHAFOD, Nr. PONTYPRIDD.—C. J. RAVENHILL, 33, Gyfeilion Road.
TREHAFOD, Nr. PONTYPRIDD.—F. TILLING, 27, Gyfeilion Road.
TREHAFOD, Nr. PONTYPRIDD.—A. HEMMINGS, 7, Lewis Street.
TREHAFOD, Nr. PONTYPRIDD.—E. EVANS, Temple Buildings.
TREHAFOD, Nr. PONTYPRIDD.—E. O. WILLIAMS, 29, Lewis Street.
UDDINGSTON, LANARKSHIRE.—Mrs. W. MILLER, 33, Greenrigg Street.
YNYSYBWL, PONTYPRIDD.—FRANK KNOTT, New'n House, Clydach Road.
TREHAFOD, Nr. PONTYPRIDD.—Mrs. A. MORRIS, 18, Lewis Street.
PONTYPRIDD, GLAM.—T. REES, 21, Hopkinstown Road.
TREHAFOD, Nr. PONTYPRIDD.—R. E. BIRD, 29, Gyfeilion Road.
PONTYGWAITH, S. WALES.—Mrs. S. J. FRENCH, 75, Llewellyn Street.
SIDMOUTH, DEVON.—J. C. WARE, 1, Chanel Street.
PONTYGWAITH, GLAM.—L. JONES, 73, Llewellyn Street.
TREHAFOD.—D. J. DAVIS, 26, Lewis Street.
CULLOMPTON, DEVON.—Mrs. C. PALK, New Street.
NEWPORT, MON.—H. NELSON, 33, Sycamore Avenue.
APPLEDORE, N. DEVON.—Mrs. B. TAYLOR, 7, Myrtle Street.
LANDORE, GLAM.—J. HARRISON, 34, Landeg Street.
BANGOR, N. WALES.—Mrs. DOUGLAS, 78, Ormo Road.
TREHAFOD, Nr. PONTYPRIDD.—J. THOMAS, 5, Lewis Street.
TREHAFOD, Nr. PONTYPRIDD.—MORGAN REES, 24, Gyfeilion Road.
TREHAFOD, Nr. PONTYPRIDD.—W. MAY, 6, Lewis Street.
PONTYGWAITH, Nr. TYLORSTOWN.—D. DANIELS, 74, Llewellyn Street.
SAWTRY, Nr. PETERBOROUGH, HUNTS.—F. W. AYRES, Green End.
CARMARTHEN.—J. JONES, Marble Hall, Penam Road.
PENRHIWCEIBER.—Mrs. W. JONES, 32, Harcourt Terrace.
BANGOR, N. WALES.—M. DOHERTY, 78, Ormo Road.
GLASGOW.—J. McKAIN, 19, N. Elgin Street, Clydebank.
TREHAFOD, Nr. PONTYPRIDD.—J. DAVIES, 25, Lewis Street.
SWANSEA.—W. WATKINS, Worcester Cott., Neath Road, Llansamlet.
TREHAFOD, Nr. PONTYPRIDD.—Mrs. GARDNER, 15, Lewis Street.
TREHAFOD, Nr. PONTYPRIDD.—Mrs. CHARD, 24, Lewis Street.
BANGOR, N. WALES.—W. G. WILLIAMS, 109, Ormo Road.

### Sickness Benefits
### £5-5-0

—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diptheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).

YNYSYBWL, S. WALES.—T. L. DAVIES, 26, Pavot Street.
HUCKNALL, NOTTS.—C. CHAMBERLAIN, 8, Sylvester Terrace, Sylvester Street.
S.E. 15.—T. C. TURNER, 12, Bridson Street, Old Kent Road.
WOODHOUSE MILL, Nr. SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. E. HOYLAND, 29, Coal Brook Crescent.
RHYMNEY, MON.—J. J. BAUGH, Esq., 1, Ty-Susannah Houses.
HUCKNALL, NOTTS.—W. STATON, 5, Beardall Street.
FROME, SOMERSET.—Mrs. E. BURGE, 2, Sun Street.
MAIDENHEAD.—M. ARRIS, 21, Forlease Rd.
FRASERBURGH, SCOTLAND.—Mrs. P. RITCHIE, 79, Barrasgate Road.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. E. R. BRICKETT, 275, Chesterfield Road, Woodseats.
GREENHILL, STIRLINGSHIRE.—Mrs. A. DUNCAN, Corona Terrace.
GLOUCESTER.—Mrs. L. MILLS, 12, Upton Street.
HUCKNALL, NOTTS.—Mrs. G. SMITH, 15, Carlingford Road.
CARMARTHEN, S. WALES.—T. T. THOMAS, Town View, Llandilo.
RUNCORN, CHESHIRE.—P. CONLON, 18, Cartwright Street, Halton Road.
GLOUCESTER.—J. GILES, 245, Barton St.
SALOP.—Mrs. S. JONES, 6, Station Terrace, Minsterley.
BIRMINGHAM.—G. O. KINDON, 5/176, Wheeler Street, Lozells.
READING, BERKS.—C. HANN, 6, George St.
CATRINE, AYRSHIRE.—Mrs. S. MOORE, Mill Street.
YEOVIL, SOMERSET.—Mrs. E. M. HALLETT, 8, Rebecter Road.
RUSPIDGE, Nr. CINDERFORD, GLOS.—S. HEWLETT, Rose Cottage.

### Accident Benefits
### £3 per week

HINDLEY, Nr. WIGAN.—Mrs. C. BLACKLEDGE, 22, Lower Bridge Street.
HADLEY, SALOP.—Mrs. M. STEPHAN, 7, Teauges Bridge, Trench.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. E. SIMMONS, 29, Peel Street, Brightside.
BUCKHAVEN.—Mrs. A. WISHART, 15, Baker Lane.
SWANSEA.—Mrs. M. E. EDWARDS, 123, Norfolk Street.
LEIGH, LANCASHIRE.—Mrs. A. WARD, 29, Twist Lane.
FOLKESTONE.—Mrs. C. A. DUKES, 1, Gloucester Place.
HALIFAX.—Mrs. M. KERSHAW, 8, George Street, Ovenden.
LUTON, BEDS.—Mrs. F. JENKINS, 1, Moor Path.
SHEERNESS.—Mrs. E. JOSLIN, 17, 2nd Avenue, Botany Road.
BARGOED.—Mrs. P. W. PROUDFOOT, 62, Heolddu Road.
HULL.—Mrs. A. HEPWORTH, 161, Regent Street, Hessle Road.
DARWEN.—Mrs. J. STOKES, 37, Portland St.
MERTHYR TYDFIL.—Mrs. WM. C. GOODWIN, 7, Gwladys Court, John Street.
EGERTON, Nr. BOLTON, LANCS.—Mrs. J. WALSH, 100, Blackburn Road.
PORT TALBOT, S.W.—Mrs. C. BAKER, 17, Charlotte Street, Aberavon.
CHORLEY, LANCS.—Mrs. E. E. HARGREAVES, 4, Pall Mall.
WARE, HERTS.—Mrs. E. CHALKLEY, 8, Cherry Tree Yard.
DUNSTABLE, BEDS.—Mrs. E. JONES, 35, Houle Street.
HANLEY, STAFFS.—Mrs. H. MEARS, 27, Hope Street.
LEITH, SCOTLAND.—Mrs. S. B. SLATER, 23, George Street.
ST. ANDREWS.—Miss M. A. C. KIRKALDY, Kirkcod.
CHUDLEIGH.—E. HEATH, 36, Old Exeter St.
SHEFFIELD.—Jos. V. CONNOLLY, 5, Springvale Road, Upperthorpe.
MARKS TEY, Nr. COLCHESTER.—Mrs. M. A. VIRGIN, Trowel and Hammer.
ELTHAM, S.E. 9.—Mrs. F. M. HENNESSEY, 13, Princes Pett Road, Well Hall.
BILSTON, STAFFS.—WM. D. MALLEY, 17, Chapel Yard, Halfpenn Street, Bradley.
MONMOUTH.—Mrs. A. LEWIS, Wye Bridge Hotel.
CRIGGLESTONE.—Mrs. S. MOORBY, 21, Garden Terrace, Felkinhope.
SAFFRON WALDEN, ESSEX.—Mrs. CHAS. FREEMAN, Cranver End, Wendon.
THURLSTONE.—Mrs. E. WHITAKER, Bank House Farm, Hillside.
BRENTFORD, MIDDX.—Mrs. S. CHAMPION, 1, Braemar Road.
BIRKENHEAD.—Mrs. H. J. HUGHES, 93, Claughton Road.
YEADON, Nr. LEEDS.—Mrs. J. W. RHODES, 16, Silver Terrace.
BARGOED.—Mrs. F. E. COURT, 34, New Council House, Gilfach.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS: Bonuses in respect of the above benefits have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

***Look out for our New Year's Announcement next week.***

## 136 Benefits paid this week—Total now 10,982

CUT HERE

J.B. 29.12.23.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL"

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date..... .....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B. 29.12.23.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date..... .....

# THE GREATEST OF ALL MEN'S SALES!

# CURZON'S Big "Cut" in made to measure Suits

~~£3.3.0~~ ~~£4.10.0~~ ~~£5.15.0~~

**£2 — £3 — £4**

Suits made in the above style, and 12 other styles, which you can select from our fashion book.

## SPECIAL 14 DAYS' SALE

ONCE a year, in January—and only once a year—CURZON'S great Sale for Men takes place. Thousands of men in all parts of the country look forward to it, so as to order their suits for the year. The great feature of Curzon's Annual Sale is that all the cloths offered are genuinely new goods—that is, they are not out-of-date, or old season's patterns, or job lines, but cloths that have been newly made this season.

**All the standard qualities of the Scotch, Yorkshire and West of England Woollen Mills.**

## GUARANTEE

Each garment is cut and made separately in OUR OWN WORKROOMS for each customer, and by means of our perfect self-measure form we undertake to fit you perfectly under our own and JOHN BULL'S Guarantee to refund your money in full if you are not more than satisfied.

You will, however, be MORE than pleased. The cloths comprise Fast Colour Blue Serges, Scotch, Yorkshire and West of England Tweeds, Cheviots, Grey Flannels, Fancy Worsteds, Heather Mixtures, Black and Blue Vicunas, etc., etc.

And all these cloths are in ALL the three prices.

For example, our £3 Fast Dye Blue Serge is an eye-opener.

**The prices, however, are drastically "cut":**

**For a 3 guinea Suit you pay £2**

**For a £4 10 0 Suit you pay £3**

**For a £5 15 0 Suit you pay £4**

**With this ADDED advantage:**

Not one penny extra is charged, no matter what size you are, and not a cent for anything special you require. For instance, you can have double-breasted style: you can have as many pockets as you like, or raised seams, turned-up trousers, etc., etc., without extra charge.

*You know how much the ordinary firm puts on for all these little matters.*

At CURZON'S Sale the £2, or £3, or £4 covers everything, and you get the

## FINEST VALUE in a MADE-TO-MEASURE Suit.

**SEIZE THE OPPORTUNITY.**

Fill in the Coupon or write a letter or postcard, mentioning JOHN BULL, at once for the FREE patterns, which will be sent by return, together with the easy self-measure form and fashion book containing 12 different styles of suits, from any of which you can select the style you require.

If you prefer, you can, instead of the measure form, send us one of your old suits, and we will copy it exactly, or make any variations you desire free of charge, and return the old suit to you, carriage paid, at once.

Customers living near our branches are invited to pay a personal visit to any of our shops and be personally served by our experienced managers.

Fill in this Coupon, or write a letter or postcard mentioning JOHN BULL.

**To CURZON BROS., Ltd.** *The Great London Measure Tailors.*

**36 and 37, New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4**

Please send me free of all charge and without obligation, your Sale Patterns of Suitings with self-measure form and fashion book, and if I place an order I do so on your guarantee (backed by JOHN BULL) to refund my money in full if I am not more than satisfied.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

## CURZON BROS., Ltd.

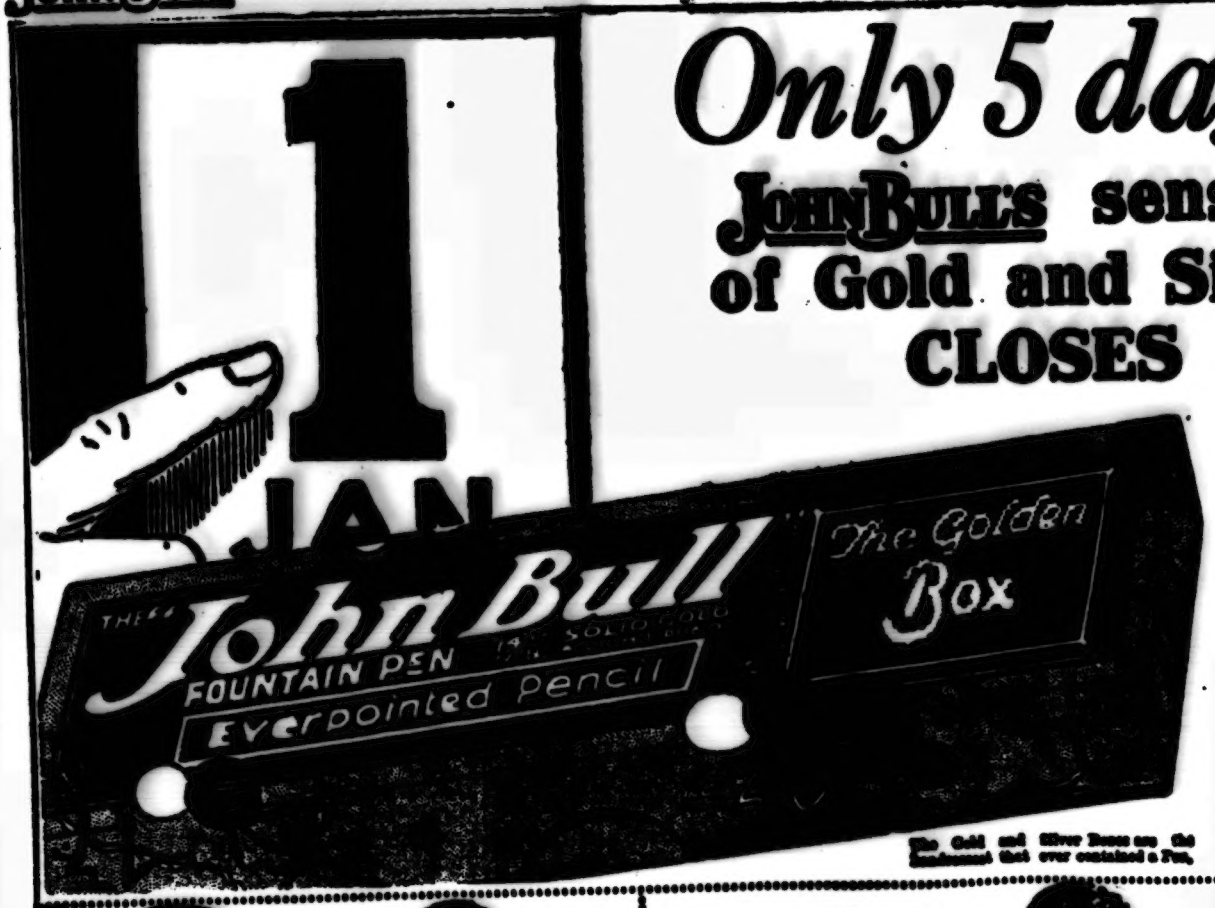
*The World's Measure Tailors*

New Head Depot:
36 & 37, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

WEST END: 111, Strand, W.C.; 158, Strand, W.C.; 431, Strand, W.C.; 112, New Oxford Street, W.C.; 28 & 29, Chancery Lane, W.C.; 98, Southampton Row, W.C.; 13, Old Compton Street, W.

CITY: 70 & 72, City Road, E.C.; 24, Liverpool Street, E.C.; 109, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.; 16, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 16, The Arcade, Liverpool Street Station (Met.), E.C.; 76, Aldersgate Street, E.C.; 115, Fleet Street, E.C.; 270 Bishopsgate, E.C.

ALSO AT:—
DEPTFORD, WOOLWICH, FOREST GATE, SHOREDITCH, EUSTON, POPLAR, FINCHLEY, KINGSTON, RICHMOND, TWICKENHAM, SUTTON, SOUTHEND, WESTCLIFF, WIMBLEDON and HOVE.




The Gold and Silver Boxes are the handsomest that ever contained a Pen.

# Only 5 days more!

## JOHN BULL'S sensational offer of Gold and Silver Gift Sets CLOSES JAN. 1

NEVER before has any Offer made by "John Bull" met with such instantaneous and overwhelmich response. Congratulatory letters have come pouring in by the hundreds, all expressing amazement and delight. If YOU have not yet accepted this great offer, you have still ONE LAST CHANCE to do so. But you must apply at once, as no applications can be dealt with which reach us later than first post on Wednesday, January 2nd.

**Only Five More Days!**
**Don't be too late!**

### No. 1

A peep at the lever and the gold nib.

## The Golden Gift Set

**For Men**

**Contents.**

The 5/- Masterpiece Lever Filler Model, fitted with 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, and safety cap. It fills itself; it cleans itself; it cannot leak. For all practical purposes equal to Pens costing 17/6. Written 2-years' guarantee with every Pen.

## -FREE!

Presented Free is a magnificent 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil, superbly silvered and beautifully chased, complete with rubber and refills, and as a Big Extra Surprise we place in the box this week Two Gift Stamps equivalent in value to 2/-.

### No. 2

A peep of the lever and the gold nib is filled.

## The Golden Gift Set

**For Ladies**

**Contents.**

The 5/- Masterpiece Lever Filler Model, slightly shorter for slipping into a handbag, and fitted with 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped. The graceful lines and beauty of design will instantly capture her heart. Written 2-years' guarantee with every Pen.

## -FREE!

Presented Free is a dainty 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil heavily plated and beautifully chased, lady's size, with pendant top, and complete with rubber and refills. As a Big Extra Surprise we place in the box this week Two Gift Stamps equivalent in value to 2/-.

### No. 3

## The Silver Gift Set

**Contents.**

The "John Bull" Standard Model Pen—the famous Pen which keeps one factory busy to supply the demand. Fitted with 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped. Written 2-years' guarantee with every Pen. Special Reduced Price 2/6.

## -FREE!

Presented Free in this Silver Gift Set is a 1/6 Automatic Propelling Pencil, superlatively finished in artistic colours, and complete with refills. As a Big Extra Surprise we place in the box this week Two Gift Stamps equivalent in value to 2/-.

## FREE This Week!

We are placing in every box this week Two Gift Stamps value 2/-.

## Winning Golden Opinions.

Just two specimens of hundreds received—

"WORTH TREBLE."

Allow me to express my delight at receiving such a handsome gift. It has far exceeded my expectations. I think all "John Bull" readers who do not take advantage of your offer are missing a great opportunity of obtaining an article worth treble the money. A better example of value for money I have never known. (Signed) Lewis Griffiths, 130, William Street, Tonypandy, Rhondda.

"HOW DOES IT PAY YOU?"

I find it difficult to express my feelings, the gift is "IT." How does it pay you at the price? If you recall, it isn't on the side of the nut and I don't do-e. (Signed) E. Kyte, 61, Ryland Road, Edgbaston.

## Presentation Gift Coupon.

"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT., LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. 2.
Please send me the Gift Set(s) described below. (Cross out those not required)

**No. 1** Golden Gift Set, containing the "John Bull" Masterpiece Model Pen (Men's size) and 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE. I enclose cheque/P.O. for 5/3 (which includes 3d. for postage and insurance).

**No. 2** Golden Gift Set, containing the Masterpiece Model Pen (Lady's size) and a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE. I enclose cheque/P.O. for 5/3 (which includes 3d. for postage and insurance).

**No. 3** Silver Gift Set, containing the "John Bull" Standard Model Pen and 1/6 Propelling Pencil FREE. I enclose cheque/P.O. for 3/- (which includes 3d. for postage and insurance).

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. (Cross out grades not required.)

Postage on two sets, 6d.; on three sets, 9d; Postage and registration abroad, 6d. each set, Packet Clips 3d. each extra.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE .....

J.B. 29.12.23.

Cross cheque P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull."
Money gladly refunded if you are not more than delighted.

# A New Year's Gift for You

THE winner of this week's competition is Mr. James Gray, 23, Mount Road, Montrose, N.B., for:

"Beecham's Pills advertisement, because of its topicality, brevity, wit and generous spacing. It occupies an advantageous position on front cover, and runners may read."

A cheque for £5 has been forwarded to him.

The winner of the second prize of £1 is Mr. James Charles, 23, Kilmaurs Road, Edinburgh, for:

"Because it inspires delightful ideas of delicious and luscious flavour, the subtle name 'Meltis' associated with chocolate makes an immediate appeal to dormant cravings."

To fifty other competitors handsome consolation prizes have been forwarded.

A number of competitors this week have copied the efforts of previous winners. Needless to say such competitors merely wasted their time.

Many competitors fail because, although their ideas are good, their phrasing is either trite or clumsy. Having decided on the advertisement you think best, don't be satisfied with your effort until you have polished it into shape. That little bit of extra trouble is what brings a cheque for £5.

Send, *on postcards only*, your idea of which is the best advertisement in JOHN BULL and why, expressed in *not more than 24 words*. Address, "Advertisement," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, to reach here not later than the first post, Thursday, January 3rd.

# The Potter's Clay

IN Coventry there lives a disabled ex-service man who has been without employment for over three years. Noticing that a front room near a large factory was to let, he conceived the idea of renting it for the purpose of supplying hot tea and coffee to the workmen.

A widowed sister lent him enough money to pay a few weeks' rent and send £1 2s. 6d. to the Fountain Pottery Company, of Stoke-on-Trent, whose advertisements appear in sundry Sunday newspapers, for the crockery necessary.

His order was dispatched on October 6th and acknowledged on October 10th, with an intimation that the goods would be forwarded "as soon as possible." A week later the matter was "having attention," and the goods would be "got away at the earliest possible moment." On October 27th, and again on November 9th the answer to enquiries was, "will get the goods away without delay," but no attempt to execute the order appears to have been made until we wrote to the firm in December.

When at last the goods arrived, what a poor lot they were! A collection of oddments and throw-outs of different designs and sizes, quite unlike what was ordered.

Such advertisements can find no place in JOHN BULL. Our Guarantee protects customers.

## THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

*We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in* JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

# SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

**Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.**

*Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

## FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 46, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A £2/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 81, Houndsditch, London, E.C.

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 20 London and Provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (54 words); 50 papers 5/-. Write for free list.—Canford Advertising Agency (Dept. J.B.), 63, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

# No more Eczema or Face Spots

Do you suffer with facial eczema, pimples, or blackheads? If so, suffer no longer, for Antexema removes every spot, rash, or sign of eczema. The first touch cools the inflamed surface, and all itching stops. Your skin trouble starts to go away, new skin begins to grow, and day by day your skin looks healthier, until soon every blemish disappears, never to return. Get Antexema and away will go your skin trouble. Get anything else and it will continue to plague you. Antexema instantly relieves and quickly cures eczema, skin eruptions, rashes, scalp troubles, pimples, blotches, bad legs, bad hands, chaps, chilblains, baby rashes, and every other form of skin illness of children and adults.

## Get Antexema To-day

Whatever part of the body is affected, or however badly you have been disappointed before, Antexema will surely succeed. Antexema is not a greasy ointment, but a creamy liquid, and is invisible on the skin when applied.

Antexema is supplied by all chemists and stores, everywhere. Also at Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylors Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows', at 3s. and 12. 3d., the larger size being the more economical; or post free direct, 3s. and 12. 6d., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.2. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa and Europe.

*Use Antexema Soap (Pine Tar) and keep your skin clear of all blemishes and protect yourself against infection. 8d. tablets.*

DRAPERY Remnants. Cut Lengths (wholesale only). list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 96, High Street, Manchester.

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## AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Costumes, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREE MAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 163 to 167, Lavender Hill, London.

IF YOU want AGENTS—the kind that build for bigger and better businesses—try a little ad. under this heading. Men who are ever on the look-out for a better opportunity or who seek to augment their income read these ads., and you will find them keenly responsive to your offer. Send your ad. to-day to the Small Advertisement Dept., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing remittance (Rs. per line of approximately 6 words, 3 lines minimum. Cheques to Odhams Press Ltd., at the rate of 8s. per line of approximately 6 words, 3 lines minimum.

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FANCY LEATHER at plain prices. Send for free patterns.—Commercial Leather Co., 4, Commercial Place, Wellingborough.

FRACH'S ANNUAL SALE.—Curtains, Casement Materials, Muslins, Cretonnes, Linens. Special Sale List post free.—S. FRACH & SONS, The Looms, Nottingham.

OFFICER'S TRENCH-COAT, with interlining of ulsterin, interlined with detach-able all-wool fleece lining—four coats in one—37/6, c. pd. Leather Jerkins, 7/6.—Mill-t, Government Contractors, Milton Street, Nottingham.

## GARDENING.

ELLISON'S PEDIGREE SEEDS.—Prices most reasonable; 64-page Cat. free. SEEDS, BULBS, ROSES, FRUITS. Shallots 6d. lb. G. & A. Fertilizer, 5/- cwt. — ELLISON'S WEST BROMWICH.

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AFRICAN Grey Parrots, Amazons, Young Talking Parrots and cages, from 40/-.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Road London, W.

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ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments, Ltd. Catalogue free.—Dowland, 95, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

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STUBBORN SKIN DISEASES. — New upfalling discovery. "Yruc" (say Ee-roo) positively cures eczema, sores, piles, all eruptions, scaling and cuts. WITHOUT SCAR. 1/9, 2/-, 5/-.—Frec. 336, Green Lanes, London, N.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1763U), 86, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes, A.S.T., Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials. — Write The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

SEND for Valuable Book, "Every-day Ailments," containing over 140 pages, explaining how to cure with Herbal Remedies. Three penny stamps for post.—Hall's Hygiene Co., Ltd., J.B., Salford, Manchester.

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BLUSHING, Nervousness.—Send 2d. for interesting book on genuine home cure.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.), 46, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.

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INFLUENZA.—That dire epidemic can be cured at last. IF YOU are subject to influenza or influenza colds, write NOW.—Bell & Co., 17, Union St., Edinburgh.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. post for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

BLOW the man who invented stitches! We've invented something better! For mending tears, "Mend-a-Tear" is indispensable to the mother, abolishing stitches. Send 2½d. stamp for free sample. — Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 32, Granby Mills, Leicester.

WHY TAKE MEDICINE for Rheumatism or Gout when "Woodbine" Blend Dry Cyder is equally beneficial—and so much more pleasant?—Write Whiteways, Wimpole, Devon, for particulars.

# JOHN BULL'S New Year Resolution Page

**Resolve that the year 1924 will see you well on the road to Success. Develop your latent abilities by profitable spare-time home study. Read carefully the announcements on this page, choose the course that suits you best (*all are sound*) and enrol. Start the New Year with the will to succeed—and Success will be yours!**

## Start 1925 right!

No, this is not a misprint! To start 1925 right you must take action now, because the best possible start for 1925 is a feeling of confidence and happiness inspired by a record of achievement and success during 1924.

With the dawn of a New Year, place yourself confidently under the guidance of the experienced Directors of Studies of the Metropolitan College, and, by means of

**SPECIALISED POSTAL TRAINING, TAKEN AT HOME, IN SPARE TIME;**

*expand your prospects wonderfully by increasing your Business worth to a most astonishing degree, the reward of a few months' reasonable application to evening study.*

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**Metropolitan College,** Dept. 21, ST. ALBANS.

## French—

**GERMAN, SPANISH, Italian or Russian**

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HUGO'S, the greatest living language Experts, have perfected a system of teaching languages which makes it incredibly simple for anyone to acquire this knowledge, so essential in business and social life. There is no drudgery—no wasted time—you learn how to form sentences from the first lesson.

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Would it not be worth your while to be able to speak a Foreign Language seeing that it can be acquired with practically no trouble at all?

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that if you place yourself unreservedly in their hands, and practise 15 minutes twice a day, according to instructions, you will in less than a month find yourself able to form thousands of really practical sentences, such as would be used when occasion arises, even by the most advanced student.

*This means that you can write or say almost anything in simple language, which cannot be done by any other system IN LESS THAN A YEAR.*

Send for our booklet "The Common-sense Way of Learning Languages," and if you return this advertisement with your enquiry we will send you a Free Lesson.

**HUGO'S LANGUAGE INSTITUTE,**
102, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.
64-66, Oxford St., W.1. 2-5, Earl's Ct. Rd., S.W.5.

## PIANO PLAYING FOR ALL

### A METHOD BY WHICH FAILURE IS IMPOSSIBLE.

WHENEVER a new invention is put on the market critics exclaim, "How simple! Why was it not thought of before?" Such thoughts occur at once to those who glance through the method of learning to play the piano by the system known as Naunton's National Music System—a system which eliminates flats, sharps, accidentals, and wearisome scales and exercises.

Music has attractions for everyone, and the desire to be able to sit down to the piano

and play music grave or gay is universal. Many have tried by the old methods and after many weeks and sometimes years of study have given up in desperation because their interest, instead of being encouraged, has been damped out through dull and monotonous practising of scales and failure to be able to play tunes and pieces.

The principles of Naunton's National Music System claim that by their system "Failure is impossible," and the fact that over 50,000 students have taken up this method and that there has not been a single failure recorded proves the veracity of this claim.

From the first lesson tunes can be played, and after but a few lessons the student can not only play simple pieces but can accompany singers, play dance music, and even "transpose" music—a feat of musical ability that persons who have been trying to learn music for years under the old style find impossible to think of, much less accomplish.

### EVERYONE CAN PLAY TO-DAY.

It makes no difference whether students have had previous lessons or not, whether their age is eighty or eight, it is guaranteed that from the first lesson they can play correctly.

Take advantage of the Special Trial Offer Coupon and become a musician without further delay.

### SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.

"John Bull," December 29, 1923.

To the Manager, Naunton's National Music System,
82, High Street, Oxford Street, London, W.C.2.

I send herewith postal order for One Shilling and Sixpence, in return for which please send me your "Special No. 1," containing eight tunes, published at 2s. 6d., also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

NOTE.—Please fill in postal order payable to Naunton's National Music System.

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NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

*"The Course that suits you best is the best Course"*

## Be a trained man by JULY

SIX to twelve months is the average time taken by the postal students of The School of Accountancy to qualify, in their spare time at home, for executive positions and high salaries; but there is no time limit and no extra fee is charged whatever the period over which training is spread.

If you will make an effort to qualify for a responsible position in business, The School of Accountancy will stand by you until you succeed.

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*It contains useful information about careers and business training, gives particulars of all Courses and Terms, and includes facts which will definitely convince you that The School's postal training will qualify you to fill a responsible executive position. Write for a copy to-day to "Control Dept."*

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2, West Regent Street, GLASGOW. 10, Essex Street, Strand, LONDON, W.C.2. 12, Victoria Street, MANCHESTER. 22, Sir Thomas Street, LIVERPOOL. Standard Buildings, City Square, LEEDS. 8, Newhall Street, BIRMINGHAM. And at EDINBURGH, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, CARDIFF and BRISTOL.

## Here's YOUR great opportunity!

**Start a Mail Order Business of your own.**

## GREAT FREE BOOKLET

### 'By Post to Prosperity' SHOWS HOW

You should send for a copy of this wonderful free booklet to-day. It will show how you can establish a successful business of your own at home in your spare time. It tells in plain and simple language how you may add from

**£5 to £15 per week**

to your usual income merely by devoting a few of your spare hours to an easy and fascinating occupation by starting a Mail Order business. With the guidance of The Shaw Institute a person of average intelligence can make a lucrative income right from the commencement with only a few pounds capital to start.

**START A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN IN 1924!**

No matter where you live, you can make a good income right from the commencement with only a small outlay. You are not bound to any one particular business. The Shaw Institute teaches the whole mail order business, and as you progress your business will be growing—also your bank balance.

***SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET TO-DAY!***

Address:—THE SHAW INSTITUTE (J.B. 26)
1, Montague Street, London, W.C.1.

Vol. XXXIV. No. 917.
Week ending Saturday, Dec. 29, 1923. Twopence.

# JOHN BULL

*The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets*

## *The* WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
*Telephone:* Gerrard 9866.
*Telegrams:* Heroically, London.

**A Happy New Year.**
We have no misgivings of 1924. Optimism is the keynote. We look forward confidently to a speedy settlement of many of our troubles and the dawn of a prosperous era that has been too long delayed.

**Finis.**
Mr. Asquith has given the Rothermere plot its quietus by his official refusal of coalition. The humiliation of the Press Gang is complete.

**The Triflers.**
It is disquieting to see the parties manœuvring and quarrelling for the credit of initiating policies and measures. The work is crying to be done, and so long as it is done we don't care twopence who does it.

**A Warning.**
Whatever decisions the rival parties come to, let them bear in mind that the people will not have another General Election sprung on them. They want to see some solid work done.

**A Challenge.**
There is enough urgent work waiting to occupy the next few years, and none of it is in any way contentious. If party haggling blocks the way, it will be a gross betrayal of the nation's need.

**Practical Details.**
The substitution of homes for slums, the abolition of preventable disease, the ending of unemployment, the spread of popular education, the re-establishment of Britain's prestige abroad, and the settlement of Europe—what party dare dispute their urgency?

**For the Common Good.**
Whatever party takes office does so merely as trustees of the nation's will. It is their bounden duty to avoid contentious measures. It is the bounden duty of the others to give them every assistance within these limits.

**Hands Off.**
The one thing certain is, that whatever party wrecks reconstructive work for party gain will shoulder a responsibility for which the people will hold them to stern account.

**Straight from the Shoulder.**
What we have said in season and out, the Prince of Wales has rubbed home by pointing out that the position of British agriculture will only improve when the farmers learn to co-operate. Absolutely true and sound common-sense.

**The Failure of Force.**
That direct negotiations are in progress between France and Germany is an open confession that both sides have realised the futility of force. Given a strong and decisive lead from Britain, an impossible situation may be ended at last.

**Keeping Europe White.**
The Spanish-Italian Entente is obviously aimed at the mad French idea of a Europe dominated by her black hordes. It should give M. Poincaré furiously to think.

**Our "Impoverished" Debtor.**
France is lending 300,000,000 francs to Yugo-Slavia for the purchase of war materials. Thus she goes steadily on ringing Europe with steel—and paying for it with our money.

**Light at Last.**
The appointment of an "unofficial" American delegate to the Reparations Inquiry means more than appears. Unofficial or not, no one will move without the approval of America, and a check has been put to the wildness of M. Poincaré.

**Reparations Hope.**
The appointment of Mr. Reginald McKenna, Mr. Montagu C. Norman and Sir Josiah Stamp as Britain's representatives on the Reparations Committee is a wise choice. These men have the confidence not only of the Party chiefs but of all thinking men in the country.

**Away with Prejudice!**
America is considering the possibility of recognising the Soviet Government. It is passing strange that Britain, the most democratic country in the world, should in this instance be the most reactionary.

**A Chance for Economy.**
Among the things forgotten during the Election was the fact that we are still burdened with Palestine. We expect Parliament to cut loose from this embarrassment and order the troops home.

**No Secret Deals.**
We are still waiting for an assurance from Mr. Baldwin that the Anglo-Persian oil shares will not be disposed of before Parliament meets. This deal must not take place with the country ignorant of the real facts.

**Pig-headed Officialdom.**
The Secretary of the Admiralty denies that the Singapore scheme is abandoned. Well, the new Parliament will speedily convince him that the Government and not the Admiralty rule the country.

**Dangerous Games.**
The Government proceed from bad to worse in India, and revolt is on the doorstep. Time indeed that a change of administration was made.

**A Crushing Burden.**
Britain's Christmas present to America was £23,696,143, and there are 122 more pay days to come. It becomes imperative that our allies should pay the £1,138,000,000 they owe us.

**It Stinks to Heaven.**
The unsavoury scandal of Ellis Island has cropped up again, and this time a young English-woman has died. Surely even America can see the necessity for taking strong action now.

**Hats off to France!**
The French Government is about to frame effective measures to check the rise in the cost of living during the winter months. We expect our next Government to follow suit by acting on the revelations of the Linlithgow Committee.

**Who's Getting It?**
Covent Garden dealers state that the retail prices of fruit and nuts should be from 25 to 33 per cent. cheaper than last year. Then why aren't they?

**Action.**
The profiteers are being exposed one by one. Now it is the Board of Trade that proposes a reduction in the price of gas of no less than 4d. a therm. All these recommendations must be given executive force by Parliament.

**Bloodsuckers.**
The Committee on building material prices reports that bricks and light castings are too dear. The same old tale! When will someone take action against these conscienceless profiteers?

**Seasonal Robbery.**
London coal has been jumped up 3s. 4d. per ton. There is not a shadow of justification for such an increase, which is simply barefaced robbery.

**A Sweated Industry.**
Pre-war profits in the coal-fields have been doubled. Every new fact that comes to light strengthens the miners' claim for a revision of their case.

**Peace on the Railways?**
The great majority of railwaymen are pleased with the Award. The N.U.R. members will loyally abide by the acceptance of it by their delegates, and we are not unduly pessimistic as to the result of the ballot of the Engineers and Firemen.

**Investigate!**
We look for uncommon activity from the officials of the Ministry of Agriculture. The alarming spread of cattle disease calls for the best scientific brains to be set to the work of investigation and remedy.

**Too Silly for Words.**
The Lossiemouth Golf Club which persists in treating Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as a political pariah is beneath the contempt of all decent men. It is a childish exhibition of cheap snobbery.

**At It Again.**
Something must be done to check the speculators who are tying up empty houses in order to sublet to the overseas visitors next year. Homes for British homeless come first.

**A Right Decision.**
The cotton trade itself is taking steps to wipe out the scandal of the gamblers on which we commented last week. We applaud their decision and wish them a speedy success.

**Pussyfooting Humbugs.**
The London Council for the Promotion of Public Morals wants £500 to save London. Apart from their intolerable officiousness they seem incapable of realising that forced morality merely leads to hypocrisy.

**A Little Relief.**

The suspension of the Early Closing Act for the Christmas shopping threw its irritating absurdity into relief. Time these wartime measures were swept away.

**A Heroine on Wheels.**

Miss Tessa Hoggett, of Bennetthorpe, whilst enjoying a cycle ride along a Doncaster road, heard a cry for help. Instead of ignoring it she cast her cycle aside, rushed into the house from which the cry came, and at great personal risk did all she could to save the life of Mrs. Amy Dawson, whose clothing was on fire. The fact that she failed does not make her heroism less notable.

**The Wicked Uncle.**

The last thoughts of Mrs. Williams, of Festiniog, when she lay dying were for her daughter Eurwen. And hoping that she would be well done by, Eurwen was given to her uncle John Griffiths Williams, and there was left £100 to provide for her. But John was a cruel uncle to the child; he neglected her shamefully and clothed her scantily. Blaenau Festiniog had the chance of teaching him elementary humanity, but they missed it when they let him off with a fine.

**Not so Bad.**

Under the heading "Insult to Injury," we commented recently on the compensation awarded to the parents of Elsie Redhead, whose life was lost through overhead electric wires belonging to the Rowtenstall Council falling on her. Through the error of someone who seems to have been very careless about the noughts, we were led to suppose that the amount of damages was assessed at £5, whereas we are now informed it was £500. That's not so bad.

**Aston the Walloper.**

Bad-tempered cads like John Aston should not be employed as lorry-drivers. Annoyed with a cyclist alleged to have hung on to his lorry, Aston drove into the man when he had a chance, bowling him over. The man was a one-legged Silver Badger, and as he lay helpless in the road, Aston struck him. The Luton magistrates described it as a most unprovoked assault and fined him 40s. with 45s. costs. Wonder they did not let him off with a caution!

**Shaming the Men.**

When smoke and flames burst from the room in a Liverpool house where Hannah Sampson, 73, was living, men drew back and hesitated. But Mrs. Margaret Mair, a cripple of 50, muffled her face in her coat, pushed past the men and hobbled into the room. She carried old Hannah out and then fell unconscious. Hannah is dead, but Mrs. Mair is alive. She has a lame leg and a game heart. We don't think much of those Liverpool men who stood aside to let a crippled woman risk her life.

**A Peeler's Appeal.**

Our police force would be bettered by the inclusion of men of the type of the Harringay policeman who recently resorted to his oratory before making an arrest. A number of costermongers had taken up their stance on ground which had been forbidden for such purposes, so this blue-coated Demosthenes gave them a speech to show how they were contravening the law. They decided to carry on and take their chance, and he put on the finishing touch by arresting one of the offenders. Tact like this enhances the reputation of the force.

**Back to Amer.**

Marie Dressler, the famous American actress who came to London to "star" in a super West End production, and whom we denounced for stranding a company years ago and clearing off without paying her debts, has now returned to the United States without having appeared here in the "star part" she expected. But she has left behind sufficient money to pay her creditors about six shillings in the pound. This is better than nothing, and we forgive her for being upset with the publicity directed against her in the interest of her stranded artistes.

**A Wireless Wangle.**

The Nottingham Corporation has seized upon the growing popularity of wireless as an excuse for wangling a little more money out of their tenants. Radio enthusiasts who live in dwellings owned by the Corporation are to be called upon to pay 2s. 6d. yearly for the privilege of erecting fixtures for use with receiving apparatus.

**Doing Good by Stealth.**

Who is the public-spirited person who, having done well out of war-time investments, has sent anonymously to the Chancellor of the Exchequer the whole of the proceeds "to be put towards some measure of reconstruction"? The money is being used to provide more employment to out-of-works in replanting England's devasted areas—a welcome change from the streams of help that go regularly overseas.

**Just Loonies!**

Certified lunatics at Barnsley Poor Law Institution have a larger percentage of bed sores than at any other. This is on the authority of Mr. C. J. Haworth, the district coroner. Though no complaint of neglect by the staff was made at a recent inquest, the foreman said the jury was not satisfied that cases had either necessary supervision or proper accommodation. Which suggests the need for an immediate inquiry.

**In the Bankruptcy Department.**

An official notice has been issued of a vacancy in the Bankruptcy (High Court) Department for a Senior Inspector. The qualifications required include "knowledge of the law of trespass and a capacity for discreet investigation of the circumstances of persons declared bankrupt." The pay attached to this post commences at £60 a year plus bonus. The bonus will need to be on a pretty generous scale if the successful applicant is to avoid filing his own petition.

*The Human Machine.*

## *LEARN TO THINK.*

*by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.*

*ONE of the greatest, if not the greatest, forces governing the human body is habit. From getting up in the morning to lying down at night, nine-tenths of our actions are automatic.*

*With most people, far too few actions are made into habits, with the result that they spend a good part of each day deciding or regretting things that ought hardly to be conscious at all.*

*The result is that mental energy is being used up for trivial daily duties that should be free for other and more important things.*

*A man with an indecisive mind is simply a man who has not troubled to form enough habits to set his mind free for higher work.*

*Such a man is the most miserable creature on earth, for he allows his nervous system to be his enemy, instead of making it his ally.*

*On the mental side, habit is just as important.*

*No one who has a brain inside his head can help thinking, of course, in the broad sense of the word.*

*But to think in an active sense—to use the brain as a sort of dynamo for the manufacture of originality, of thought* FORCE, *is more rare.*

*Yet everyone can do it if conscious effort is used, if the effort is made every day, if, in other words, a* HABIT *of thought is formed.*

*The man who can think is always the master of the man who can only do.*

*The men who rise highest in this world are those who can both think and do.*

*It is never too late to form habits. The older one gets, the more difficult it is, that is all.*

*Those who give the habit of thought a little daily practice are those who will sooner or later be rewarded by a world that has no use for indecision and mere drift.*

**When Hope Has Gone.**

Three weeks before he took his own life, the wife of A. Beardsworth, a Blackburn man, had died, and it was then he lost hope. "The cold charity of the world," he wrote, "and the base ingratitude of man overwhelm me." So he died. And the Southport coroner wrote down the stereotyped verdict, "Suicide whilst of unsound mind." It might have been "Because of a broken heart."

**Bread on the Waters.**

When George Ernest Gallop, of Hastings, was summoned as a suspect in search of rabbits, the Chief Constable reminded the Bench that Gallop, at enormous risk, had descended the face of the cliff earlier in the year and rescued a sheep-dog. This act of heroism testified to his love for animals, and impressed the Bench so much that Gallop was treated leniently. And we should like to "shake" with the Chief Constable.

**Our Demands Answered.**

On various occasions we publicly called upon the authorities to deal with serious allegations of fraud we made against a woman named Jessie Quigley, alias Wilding; a man named Sydney Webber Northcote; a company promoter called Robert Fellows, and a cancer quack named David Williams. All these people have been arrested, and are now in the throes of criminal prosecution. For the moment we must say no more.

**Children of the Dead End.**

Children are born, and die in too great numbers in fever-infested hovels into which harassed families have to crowd because the Ministry of Health does not seem to know that a housing problem exists. The Bowland Rural District Council has written dozens of letters about its housing scheme, but to no purpose. Now the job has been passed on to Colonel Roundell. And if he does not make the dust fly when Parliament meets he will lose his seat at the next election.

**Telling Them the Truth.**

When Patrick Doherty, a horse dealer of Irvinestown, was charged with cruelty to a horse, it was stated that the poor animal was left lying in a field for three days with part of its inside exposed. The Magistrates agreed that it was a shocking case, and fined the brutal dealer ten shillings! Then up spoke District Inspector Moore. "You will never stop cruelty to animals at that rate!" he said. Who says a policeman can't tell the truth?

**Feed the Brute!**

Although Hugh Cox, of 75, Chapel Street, Airdrie, does not hand over any of his "dole" to his wife, he expects her to supply him with food whenever he feels inclined for it. Having no food in the house, she got some elsewhere for their little son's breakfast. Cox, who was still in bed, demanded this, and when his wife refused, he rose and struck her with his clenched fist and threw the cup of tea at her. Perhaps his hunger will now be satisfied by his twenty days in prison.

**In the Grip of Famine.**

What is going to happen in the island of Lewis? A chain of misfortunes has brought about a terrible condition of destitution among 20,000 people, and an S.O.S. appeal for food supplies has been broadcast. With crops spoiled by stormy weather, a once flourishing line-fishing killed by the depredations of trawlers, and a shortage of fuel, the position of the islanders is desperate. Will the Islanders appeal in vain?

**Island of Doom.**

Another tragedy comes through the grim portals of Ellis Island. The wife of Bert Dodge, a Liverpool man, engaged as a bricklayer in Boston, arrived in the liner *Samaria* with her little daughter, for the purpose of spending Christmas with her husband. The immigration authorities doubted her story, and she was sent back with the child to Ellis Island. And while there the poor woman became ill of pneumonia, and died soon after the arrival of her husband. In the name of Humanity, when will Americans remove this terrible national blot?

**"Patsy."**

Could Scotland Yard tell us approximately how much money has been credited to the expenses of officers entertaining "Posh" Patsy in the hope of inducing that astute rogue to give himself away? Twopence spent on JOHN BULL would have brought much better results.

**The Sportsman.**

There is a cruel brute of the name of Harris belonging to the Essex Union Hunt, who because two farmers tried to prevent his tearing up their fields and leaving gates open, rode at them with his horse, knocking one down while he pinned the other against the gate and beat him about the head with his hunting crop. And for this outrageous ruffianry the Brentwood magistrates fined him twenty-five shillings!

**Playing With Fire.**

Robert John North, a London packer, has a warped idea of what constitutes a bit of good fun. He went about with a red-hot poker burning people's clothes, and when they objected attacked them with a knife. For this so-called "excessive horseplay" he has been sentenced to four months in the second division. If burning and stabbing are horseplay, what, we ask, constitutes serious crime?

**Love's Young Dream.**

"Clubs keep girls from the lure of the streets, the perils of the dance halls, and the false ideals of sensational dramas," is the opinion of Miss Blanche Tucker, of Liverpool. But it should be remembered that nothing in all the world counts for so much with a girl as a boy, and she should not be denied the opportunity of meeting him. Harm is done by social workers when they overlook obvious truths.

**Bonnie Dundee!**

What a beast William M'Cleary, of Commercial Street, Dundee, must be, and what a hell-on-earth he has made the lives of his wife and children for many long years! This wretch has been convicted in all twelve times, seven for cruelty to his children and five for brutal attacks on his wife, one of which caused the fracture of the woman's middle finger. The lethal chamber ought to be resorted to for such inconsiderate hounds.

**For the Next War?**

The area around Retford, Nottinghamshire, seems to possess a suspicious attraction for German buyers of horseflesh these days, for military "Jerry" officers are making large purchases of hunters there. Moreover, they are showing a decided preference for the dappled greys and chestnuts so dear to cavalry authorities abroad. Our Secret Service Agents must keep their eyes skinned, and our authorities must put an end to such exportation once the deals are known to be effected for militarism abroad.

**The Wedding "March."**

Evidently matrimony is a very catching complaint, judging by the conduct of William Hunt, of Shoreditch, who eloped with the bridegroom's mother after attending the wedding of a friend. But William already had a wife and several children living, and as they were forced to apply for parish relief the story came out. William magnanimously offered to refund the money to the Guardians, but a hard-hearted Bench decreed otherwise and William is in jail to reflect upon the lack of romance in the breasts of present-day magistrates.

**Save Your Stamps.**

The endless chain prayer is again in circulation, the recipients being urged to send it to seven married people in the hope of receiving some great luck on the seventh day, and threatened with some great misfortune if they neglect to do so. It is now stated to have been started on a battlefield in Flanders. Whoever started it, we advise our readers to stop it and save their stamps. Tenpence-halfpenny is tenpence-halfpenny nowadays, and the only person who benefits by this maudlin madness is the Postmaster-General.

**Poor Little Mites.**

The Glasgow Health Committee has decided to spend £100 on clothing for babies. So acute is the distress in the city that mothers have been unable to provide clothing for the poor little mites, and actually some of the babies have been wrapped in paper because clothes could not be afforded! What chance has the future generation in circumstances such as these?

**Why Not Beet It?**

As the sugar beet factory at Cantley, Norfolk, is a success, another factory is to be built, this time at Southwold, Suffolk. Beet provides sugar for people and food for cattle; grow it here and provide work for the unemployed. Last year we imported 1,900,000 tons of sugar, much of it from France and Belgium—possibly to enable them to pay the war debt?

**Enemies—and Friends.**

Six weeks before the war, George John Mansfield, of Avonmouth, jumped into Lake Alsta, Hamburg, and rescued from drowning Miss Louisa Schant and a man. Now, nine years after the event, the Senate of Hamburg has awarded a medal to this brave Englishman. Truly the years of horrible war cannot blot out the essential goodness and recognition of chivalry which is in all men's hearts!

**Cure by Killing.**

After spending a whole lifetime in building up a dairy farm business many of the Cheshire farmers are being totally ruined by the Government's "cure" for foot-and-mouth disease—slaughtering 100,000 beasts. It does not make the hard-working farmer feel any sweeter to know that the Duke of Westminster's dairy herd, which also had the disease, escaped. If a pedigree herd is officially immune, there can be no justification for the wholesale slaughter policy.

*Problems of Life.*

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR

*By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.*

*THE first of January is but an arbitrarily fixed date for the beginning of the year. We might as reasonably place New Year's Day in the middle of summer as in the middle of winter, and as a matter of fact this has been done at various periods of the world's history.*

*But there is some suitability in the thought that our new year starts when the darkest part of the winter is past and the days begin to lengthen: there is more daylight in January than in December, which means that spring is stirring underground.*

*Herein is a parable of human life.*

*It is well to face towards the light when making a fresh start after any time of depression and trouble.*

*Good observers tell us that the worst of our post-war slump is over and that things generally are beginning to improve.*

*Let us individually do our best to help on the movement towards recovery.*

*Look for the light, not for the darkness: believe in the better time coming, and you help to hasten it for all.*

*If things have been going hard with you personally and with those you love, it is both foolish and wrong to expect them to continue so.*

*The one thing needful to restore prosperity to the world is confidence.*

*Credit is only confidence—confidence between buyer and seller, between maker and user.*

*Give it a push forward by thinking well of your fellow-man and of our common future.*

*It will thaw the ice in the veins of trade and set the circulation going again.*

*It will invigorate your own heart too and gladden your outlook on life.*

*The light is broadening day by day.*

**Cancer "Cures."**

There are eighty-three persons advertising their skill as specialists in the treatment of cancer. All are making claims that are fraudulent. Why are they allowed to do so?

**Strange.**

If a man stops you in the street and induces you to part with money by false claims he is guilty of an offence and will sooner or later find his way to penal servitude. If, however, he is wise enough to make the false representations in an advertisement through the press he is apparently immune from prosecution. Why?

**Optical Illusionists.**

Time and again we have warned readers about quack oculists, and now the secretary of the Royal Eye Hospital bears out our remarks, saying, "We have scores of patients here who have been tricked into accepting the attentions of quack eye specialists . . . In some cases quacks have completely ruined all chances of recovery." Give these gentry a wide berth if you have eye trouble!

**The Counterfeiters.**

We have frequently called the attention of the police to the fact that a gang of international counterfeiters are working in many countries, manufacturing English notes. Our statements have met with a somewhat startling confirmation. The Vienna Police last week arrested a gang who had manufactured English notes amounting to no less than half a million pounds! Perhaps the British public may now look for some real protection.

**The Golden Fleece.**

J. Gow, Ltd., 8, Oxford Road, Leeds, who advertise loans by post on simple promise to repay must be added to our list of money-lending concerns which work the golden fleece at the expense of the needy. After writing, "We are prepared to make you a £5 loan, interest deducted so you will receive nett cash £3 7s., payable 4s. a week, which includes the principal and interest," they collected a fee of 7s. 6d. from a working man and then curtly informed him they could not entertain the business. What a game!

**The Rake's Progress.**

Credulous women are the safer for the fact that Cyril Vincent has been sentenced at the London Sessions to nine months' imprisonment, because the man's record is one of misery for every woman who has had the misfortune to come into contact with him. The crime he was punished for consisted of obtaining credit by fraud; what he can't be touched for is persuading girls to live with him and leaving them with children to keep and no money. In the army this callous cad proved his cowardice. The lash is the only punishment he would feel.

**The Heavy Hand.**

Judging from complaints which have reached us, there would appear to be plenty of scope for the activities of an Inspector of Weights and Measures at the Islington Cattle Market on Fridays, when fruit is sold. In one case a purchaser of 4 lb. of apples found on weighing them at home that they were 12 oz. short, and in another, 6 lb. of apples were found to be over 1 lb. short. Some of the vendors seem to put a heavy hand into the scale when weighing. Such disgraceful robbery of poor people, if detected, should be heavily punished.

**Surprise Prizes.**

A number of readers have been surprised to receive a communication from "The Ideal Stores," Clevedon, Somerset, congratulating them on their good luck in having been awarded "a beautiful and valuable free prize" of "a splendid simulation gold watch." All they have to do in order to obtain possession of this surprising prize is to send 8s. 11d. for a simulation gold chain to wear with it. It is an old ramp which we have frequently exposed, and the most surprising thing about it is that there should be people who solemnly ask us whether the offer is worth accepting. Of course it is not.

# A Family Way in Finance

IF you are on a good thing, there is nothing like keeping it in the family.

This seems to have been the principle acted upon by J. A. Taylor, Chairman of the Hanworth Public Utility Society, Ltd., of Tudor House, Feltham, Middlesex, a concern registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies Act.

Through gross mismanagement the affairs of the Society have got into a desperate muddle, the responsibility for which, according to an inspector appointed by the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, rests upon the shoulders of Taylor, who seems to have utilised the concern for the sole purpose of feathering his own nest.

The capital consisted of £840 paid on shares, mostly by Taylor and his nominees, and £26,000 in loan stock issued to subscribers. The latter will be lucky if they recover even a small proportion of their investments.

Taylor's method of sucking these unfortunates was to obtain control of the Committee of Management, which it was comparatively easy for him to do, for the loan stockholders were not represented on that body.

According to the marriage service, a man and his wife are no more twain, but one flesh. On a Committee, however, man and wife count as two votes, and if the man is Chairman and has a casting vote in addition, as three. Taylor put his wife on the committee and thus got three votes, and to make sure of a majority, put his grand-daughter on it and obtained four!

He then proceeded to provide himself and his family with a furnished house, on which he expended approximately £1,000 out of the funds of the Society and lived rent free; and then got himself voted an allowance of £50 a month for a motor-car.

Wanting more money, he persuaded his Committee to vote him £3,000 as special remuneration in respect of services which the inspector declares he never rendered.

Taking it into his head to start pig farming, he expended some £1,300 of the subscribers' money in this fashion, although the objects of the Society did not cover farming operations, and after selling the pigs, paid most of the money into his own account.

After pigs, poultry. Without the knowledge of the subscribers, Taylor expended £1,2 0 and incurred liabilities for a further £450 in chicken farming. Again, as with the pigs, the proceeds of the sales of poultry were paid into his own account.

Taylor and his tame Committee prepared a report, but took no steps to circulate it among the subscribers, for the simple reason that it was a gross attempt to mislead the stockholders and keep the Society on its legs so that he and his satellites might continue to draw their emoluments.

Such a state of things demands further enquiry.

# Brazen Wireless Fraud

***EVERY craze that takes hold of the public fancy brings in its train the hangers-on and the speculators. And Wireless has not escaped the "fly-by-nights." Here is the story of two who have been typical in their trickery.***

IF one wanted an example of the dangers connected with the giving of employment subject to an investment by the employee, one could scarcely get a better case than the shocking story of the Stuart Wireless Telephony Company, of 109, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

This concern was started in the summer of last year during the boom in broadcasting. It went out of business some months later with liabilities of over £4,000, and a deficiency of practically £3,000.

As happens in so many cases, people start a business without sufficient capital, and then endeavour to capitalise the business by getting money from agents and employees.

In this case a man applied for an agency, and deposited fifty pounds as security against instruments to be sent to him for demonstration purposes. An agreement was drawn up in which it was stated that this fifty pounds was to be lodged with the company's bankers. It was not.

It was spent by the two partners, together with a great deal of other money got in the same way, and it was used, to some extent at least, in the liquidation of private debts, including, amongst other things, doctors' fees and betting losses.

If criminal proceedings do not follow transactions of this kind, then we do not know what the Public Prosecutor is for.

There were two partners running the business, a man named Arthur Stuart, and another called Cyril Charles Perrier. Stuart founded the business and took Perrier, who was his Sales Manager, into partnership some months later.

When the agents pressed for the return of their money, which, under their agreements, was to be lodged in the bank, they found that the concern had become insolvent, and there was no money to pay them.

But before this, a cunning attempt was made to manœuvre the agents out of their legal position. They were asked to tear up the clause of the agreement which secured their deposit money, and to substitute instead a purchase of wireless sets. If they had done this, they would have lost their legal rights under the agreement.

When the bankruptcy proceedings came on, it was found that Stuart had absconded, and was believed to have gone to South Africa.

There is a warrant out for his arrest for contempt of court, a very mild charge to bring against a man who took money on trust from other people and allowed it to be spent on such things as betting debts.

The other partner, Perrier, appears to have been largely under the influence of the absconding Stuart. He had no qualifications for the wireless telephony business, having been originally a caterer at Clapton, then a scrap metal dealer at Woodside Park, Glasgow; and, on leaving the Army, he went into partnership as a bookmaker in the firm of Woods and Sons, of Premier House, Dover Street, Piccadilly, W.

About the same time, Perrier and two others got a share in a night club called the Palais Royale, run at 168-170, Shaftesbury Avenue, S.W., and bought and sold shares in it, for some time assisting in the management.

In all, some three or four dozen agents were appointed on similar terms in the wireless company, and some of them lodged as much as one hundred pounds for the privilege of acting as agents for this water-logged and doomed concern.

We constantly advise readers, before they invest their money for the sake of getting employment, to make ordinary inquiries into the antecedents of the people who seek to get money from them.

If that had been done in this case many men now suffering the loss of their little all, would have been saved, for it is unlikely that intelligent men would entrust the savings of a lifetime to a company dealing with new and highly technical stock which was promoted by a person like the defaulting Stuart, and managed by a man who had been a caterer, a bookmaker, and the keeper of a night club.

The money has gone, the man responsible for its dissipation has disappeared, and the investors are left with a bitter experience to reflect upon. No action has been taken against Perrier, because apparently he is regarded as merely an instrument in the hands of Stuart, and no action has been taken against Stuart because the police don't know where to find him.

But the scandal is that the police were asked to take action, and had the matter under consideration, *before* the bankruptcy proceedings.

With calm and impressive wisdom they did nothing, in the hope that the bankruptcy proceedings would show a case for the Public Prosecutor. This delay gave Stuart his opportunity to fly, and he promptly seized it.

The police retort now with a severe rebuke of a warrant for contempt of court.

Some day Stuart may come back and face that, and he is much less likely to be frightened of that charge than of the prospect of a prosecution for obtaining money by false pretences, which is the step which should have been taken months ago.

# A Prince We Don't Want

AMERICA has decided that there is no room in the Land of the Free for the much advertised Prince Michael Obolenski, and France having already decided that he is not to be taken back into that country, it has been agreed to put the "Prince" on board and land him at a British port.

The only excuse for this course is that apparently Britain makes less fuss about receiving undesirables than any other country in the world. When we tire of undesirables believed to be of American birth and try to send them back home Uncle Sam insists on proof of birth.

The "prince" claimed to be an American citizen, but this claim failed and he is being bundled out of the country as speedily as possible, armed with all the necessary papers for his landing here. We can only say that if our authorities tamely permit this man to take up residence here it will be a scandal.

Though country after country has disowned Obolenski, or Harry Fergusson as he sometimes calls himself, he is really a Russian Pole who has made his living in different capitals by posing as the hero of many melodramas, and preying on impressionable Society women.

He has not hesitated to exploit in shameful fashion in New York and Paris the name of the Prince of Wales, with whom he claimed to be on friendly terms, and actually posed as cousin of the Prince on several occasions, establishing the claim to the satisfaction of credulous Americans by producing "papers" showing him to be a morganatic son of the late Czar.

As a matter of fact he is not a prince, he is not in any way related to the Obolenski family, and he is simply a common thief who has stooped to some mean thefts. He has passed in this country at different times as "Sir Arthur Wellesley," "Lord Arthur Wellesley" and Prince Obolenski.

Two years ago he was bound over at the London Sessions on charges arising out of the theft of articles of apparel, and the issue of bogus cheques which he had obtained from the flat of an actress who had been among his dupes. Believing that he really was all he claimed to be, friends interceded and he was allowed to go on condition that he was looked after by his relatives in France.

From Paris he travelled to New York, but alas! the American authorities held him up at Ellis Island. He escaped and was ordered for deportation to England, his last known domicile.

And according to plan he is due to arrive here early in the New Year. We say he must

# Blot on a Great Name

*AT this season of the year patriotic people remember to raise their glasses in toast to the pioneers of our Empire. They will read with consternation this story of neglected heroes—as shameful a scandal as we have ever heard.*

WE feel it our duty to unfold a scandalous story of how a number of gallant Englishmen have been stranded and abandoned and ridiculed in countries far across the sea through the incompetence and mismanagement of a well-known British institution.

We refer to a band of men belonging to the world-famous "Legion of Frontiersmen," the president of which is Major-General the Rt. Hon. Lord Loch, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

The career of this distinguished nobleman has always been associated with the highest forms of gallantry and honour. He has been a soldier all his life, has fought through many campaigns, was with Kitchener at Khartoum, and was mentioned in dispatches on no fewer than five occasions during the Great War.

With a record such as this he occupies the presidential chair of the Legion of Frontiersmen, whose headquarters are situated at 6, Adam Street, Adelphi, London, and which has amongst its members some of the finest men in England.

Some months ago it was decided that Captain Norman MacMillan, M.C., the distinguished airman, should make an air flight round the world. The expedition was arranged by Captain Roger Pocock, founder of the Legion of Frontiersmen, and was to be carried out under its auspices in conjunction with Captain G. H. Malins, O.B.E.

It was duly arranged that forty frontiersmen should embark on a steam yacht, nobly named the *Frontiersman*, for a long and protracted voyage, the purpose of which was to lay stores on islands in the North Pacific in readiness for the time when the World's Flight Expedition was in actual progress.

The forty selected men sailed last June, not only as sons of Britain in search of adventure, but with the keen spirit of patriotism that alone could gain for England the incomparable honour of providing the first men to fly round the world. Lord Loch and General Brancker (of the Air Ministry) inspected the ship before it sailed.

Before they started, the Frontiersmen and the two airmen subscribed nearly £6,000 between them towards the Air Flight Fund, and in order to do so scraped together all the money they could spare. They did not take the funds with them, but arranged with the headquarters of the Legion to send sums out to them as required.

They were somewhat astounded when the money they had written for did not turn up. Their troubles increased when repeated cables to Adam Street asking for aid were not answered. Then, suddenly they found themselves stranded in a strange land without money or provisions.

They sent a further urgent cable, and on September 20 received the following inspiring message from headquarters: "Stand firm. Send necessary power of attorney for mortgage of ship and expect eleventh-hour help."

Let us see how the eleventh-hour help came. The good ship *Frontiersman* was boarded and taken over by the bailiffs for debt, and the forty men who were to bring England one of its greatest honours were faced with the menace of starvation.

Things went from bad to worse. No money came from London, no help, not one comforting or inspiring word. The ship itself was later sold for food and abandoned. The men straggled into the towns and tried to get work to save them from starving. Some of them managed to get odd jobs at the Motion Picture Society, Hollywood, California, and others drifted into the long queues of sad-eyed men seeking bread, thinking of England and home.

The days passed. Then four out of the forty managed to work their way back to this country. Instead of bringing glory and honour and fortune, they have come back with bitter memories of days without food, of bailiffs bullying them for the settlement of debts, and with thoughts for the comrades they have left behind.

They are completely ashamed of the officials of the Legion of Frontiersmen who misled and stranded them in foreign countries without food, to be fooled and laughed at, routed and ridiculed, and left to struggle home in the best way they could.

And matters are made worse by the fact that the Legion of Frontiersmen has now disowned them. The officials have not even had the decency to make some suggestion as to what is to happen to the thirty-six unfortunate but heroic men still in California who have little or no prospects of getting back to this country unless help is sent to them at once. The Air Ministry, which through General Brancker lent its support to this ill-fated expedition, has also shown its generosity by backing out of it.

It is a grave scandal. More than that, it is a standing insult to the honour of England. We call upon that gallant soldier, Lord Loch, to look into this matter at once.

And we call upon him with confidence, feeling that he would not wish to pass unheeded the need for a full and frank investigation into the affairs of an expedition which was to bring England fortune and honour, but which has brought instead misfortune and dishonour.

# Palaces of Poison

SCATTERED throughout the Metropolis and in most of the large provincial cities are bazaar-like buildings, garishly lit and full of automatic machines, where the youth of our cities spend much time and money in search of amusement. These places are called "Fun Palace" or "Palace of Pleasure" or "Joy Palace," but in most cases they could be more accurately described as Palaces of Poison.

Their internal arrangements are practically identical. Shooting ranges, bagatelle boards, weighing machines, dart boards, automatic sports and viewing machines are the chief items of interest. It is the last-named that concern us at the moment; for a careful scrutiny of the films shown in these machines has revealed that a large proportion are of such a character that the young lads and girls who are the regular patrons must have their minds poisoned and perverted.

There are "Palaces" in Edgware Road, at Ludgate Circus, in the Waterloo Road district, at Tottenham, in Seven Sisters Road, at Brixton and elsewhere, which, thronged every night by the youth of the district at its most impressionable age, have an atmosphere that is positively unhealthy both physically and morally.

Under the alluring title of "Exciting Bedroom Scene at 3 a.m." are a collection of pictures at Edgware Road that overstep the borderline of decency. At the same place, "The Girl Who lost her Clothes!" is a series of pictures of nude women such as no stationer would be allowed to sell. "The Morning Bath" gives view after view of an unbusked woman in various poses of voluptuous passion.

At Ludgate Circus, "A Beautiful Figure" shows a semi-naked girl—her only covering a piece of filmy lace—going through various exercises with a "physical culture developer." The "developer" obviously merely provides the girl with an excuse to throw her limbs and body into all sorts of suggestive attitudes.

"Why Marie blew out the Candle" is another indecent offering—it shows a girl in her bedroom, disrobing article by article until just as she is about to take off her final garment, she blows out the candle.

"High Kicking," "Beautiful Paris Girls," "White Slave Traffic in the Far East," "What the Butler Saw," "The Best Moment in a Man's Life" and "Fighting for Honour," are a few of the titles under which similar views are shown. In some cases there is no direct connection between the views and the title; but every machine possesses some suggestive or improper association.

We are astounded that the police authorities allow these machines to exist. The views they contain are, in many cases, infinitely worse than the obscene post-cards for the sale of which occasional prosecutions are instituted.

# Gold for Silver

THERE are some people so strangely constituted that their chief anxiety is not to get money for themselves but to give their golden secrets away to others. It is a sad commentary on the frailty of human nature that one is inclined in a disappointing world to look with suspicion on generous people who do not know you, and whom you do not know, and who desire to stuff your pockets with riches that you have not got to earn.

There is a paper being circulated all over this country just now called *The Canadian Miner*. On the outside of it is a handsome sturdy figure carrying a pick, and in the background there are pictures of mills and mountains. Inside there are views of gold-mines and maps, reports and mining notes, and an article which says that Canadians are altogether too modest.

We are not going into any controversy on this point, but we are naturally concerned to ask why this paper should be circulated free and freely in this country. It is sent out unsolicited by a share-pushing concern called the Commonwealth Trading Corporation, Limited, of 6, Throgmorton Street, E.C.2. Its object is to enable us to secure our share in Canada's gold boom. Very nice too! And the Commonwealth Trading Corporation offers to sell us dollar shares in the Porcupine Midfield Gold Mines Limited, for four shillings each.

There is a great deal of money in Canada, and if the Porcupine Mine is really a good thing, of which we have no satisfactory evidence, the Canadian people would take up the shares themselves. That they have not done so, and that it is necessary to tout these shares so far away, is a matter which ought to give pause to British investors

The directors of the company are all in Toronto, which is afar off. So are the solicitors, the bankers and the auditors. The mine has not been worked, and an English engineer, Mr. R. C. Fielding, D.S.O., of 1, Broad Street Place, E.C., reports that the property is quite undeveloped and its success depends on purely speculative considerations.

It is true that it is surrounded by other mines that have done well, which is only another way of saying that successful Canadian gold-miners know all about the position and if they have decided to let the British investors have it, it seems to us that common-sense and common gratitude require us to thank them for their kindness and to leave them the mine they are so anxious to let us have for next to nothing. This is not selling us a share in Canada's gold boom: it is selling us a pig in a poke.

People of small means are tempted to buy a share in a gold-mine because they can get it for four shillings. We advise them earnestly to keep their money in their pockets. Investing in gold-mines is a dubious recreation for the uninitiated and the unwary.

# "Give Me a Chance, Sir"

PANOPLIED with splendour, as it is, the machinery of the law nevertheless has ground many a bright life under its juggernaut wheels and left nothing but magnificent ruin where once stood a man. Behind the plush curtains of the Marylebone Court the despairing heart of Benjamin Barrie took on a dangerous bitterness as he viewed the terrible havoc that harsh law had played with his thirty years.

Barrie was facing the magistrate and all the symbols and symptoms of that ordered system of society against which he had made war for half his life, charged with obtaining money by a trick.

Six previous convictions were brought against him by that inexorable, if perverted, sense of justice that believes in hanging the dog with a bad name. Of sympathy for the defiant-eyed prisoner there was none.

"I admit that I've been to prison several times," he at length declaimed, "but I've never had a real chance. Every man's hand has been against me."

The seasoned magistrate was immersed in documents. Policemen looked knowingly at one another. Solicitors smiled superiorly. The clock in the court loudly ticked off the seconds of a man's freedom.

"Yes, you have," at length came the reply from the Bench. "The war gave you your chance."

And again the policemen looked knowing. And solicitors smiled. And the clock ticked off the seconds of a man's freedom.

The war! I noticed the prisoner smile grimly. And then the detective mentioned that Barrie had served with honour and distinction, having answered the first call in 1914 and seen active service until the first Armistice trumpet rang out. He had worn the Military Medal and high French honours.

The war certainly gave him a chance. But far back, before Bloody August, a young, sensitive lad had been crushed by those juggernaut wheels. For a petty theft, *as a boy of thirteen, he had been sent to prison for two years!*

His first offence? Yes: and more—the seal on his declaration of rebellion against society. Two years in prison at his most impressionable age. . . . "Give me a chance *now*, sir, and I'll wipe it all out."

Some gentleman had offered him a permanent job. Life had garbed itself afresh for him: hope was singing a joyous melody in his soul—"Give me a chance, sir; I've never had one before."

Seventeen years of defiance of law; six periods in jail; the stain of the prison; the lost self-respect; the heartbroken wife; the past of crime; the gloomy yesterdays—all this could now be atoned for. "Give me a chance now, sir, and I'll . . ."

"Six months hard labour," snapped the man on the Bench.

The fair picture was a mirage. And the clock ticked steadily on.

# Children and the Robbers

***HEARTS are softened at this season, and we are ready to respond to the specious appeals of the silver-tongued. But beware of the charity cheats. Money gathered for the poor sometimes remains in the collectors' possession.***

THERE are many people who are mean enough to live by exploiting the poor and lowly, the sick and lame. Some are only impostors in a small way, but others are bare-faced and impudent enough to pose to the world as philanthropists.

And at this time of the year, when the spirit of good will towards all men is uppermost in our hearts, the charity sharks are making special efforts to plunder our pockets. Most of us are a little more generous than usual, and give freely to the collector who pours into our ears a tale of suffering and anguish.

Two of the most sinister figures in the charity world to-day are particularly busy. They have learned from experience that Christmas time is always a fine harvest time for them, because it touches the hearts of those who give, and fills the pockets of those who take. The first of the precious pair is a hypocrite and humbug named George H. Breton, of Shaftesbury Hall, Borough, London, S.E.

There is no limit to this man's impudence. He has been at large too long to grow shy. Using notepaper which is got up with all the cunning of a charity craftsman, he is now sending round an army of collectors to tell you all about the thousands of poor, dear, bless-their-hearts, hungry children, who have had no Christmas dinner, but who will thoroughly enjoy themselves in the New Year if you drop something into the Breton bag.

His subscription lists are extremely seasonable. The familiar figure of Father Christmas is shown on one side, and it warms your heart to see a bulging sack thrown over his shoulders as he hurries across the snow to a tiny cottage where some poor little kiddies are waiting for him blue with cold.

Let us turn over a leaflet he circulates. It tells you all about boys and girls, orphans and waifs who have no toys, and who just go through the festive season hoping to drop across some kind and benevolent old gentleman like Mr. Breton.

His aims and objects seem excellent enough. "To help poor children, cripples, orphans, destitute—to give Christmas dinners and New Year treats." Isn't it noble? Breton gets you both ways. If it's too late for Christmas he concentrates on the New Year.

But that is not all. You are told that the treats in store for the thousands of children who languish in Slumland are not stipulated to New Year parties. There will be days in the country for them when the weather gets warmer, and holidays at the sea in summer.

Then there are lantern lectures and musical entertainments, warm garments for those in rags, and all kinds of changes for the poor kiddies gathered together by his agents and workers. "We make no distinction of creed among the children," Breton says. "They come from any distance. Many of the little ones have to live in narrow courts, small rooms and stuffy places and some are found in common lodging-houses."

And those who by this time haven't been decent enough to "drop," are further impressed by a picture which maketh the heart sick. It is a riot of colour, and shows a long green room, with a green and white organ, a green piano, a lot of green tables, and some green and white children eating green Christmas pudding.

And so the propaganda continues. But people should know that the man they are asked to support is a charity charlatan of the worst type, a scheming old parasite who has lived for years on the proceeds of charity schemes exploited by him for his own benefit.

It is true he spends a small proportion of the money collected on the objects for which it was subscribed. But that is only done to save him from the intervention of the authorities.

The other individual who may give you a call during the next few days is Walter Blackburn, who is busily raking in the shekels of the season at his office in Bessborough Gardens, S.W. The only way in which this humbug differs from Breton is that he no longer believes in green and red. But he has every reason to see the red light.

The scandal is that these two charity pests have been carrying on their plundering of the poor for years. They issue no real balance sheets, and give only a very small proportion of their collections to the cause for which the money is subscribed. Both make a sanctimonious use of religion, and indulge in a wicked misuse of the suffering and pain of the poor, the crippled and the blind.

Our advice to our readers is to start the New Year well. When charity collectors call upon you for subscriptions, ask to see their credentials. And if you find that they have any connection with Blackburn or Breton, or with "the Westminster Charity Committee" or "the Poor Children's Society," which are the aliases of these humbugs, just send them about their business, and tell them that the places they want to call for the donations they deserve are at JOHN BULL's office and Scotland Yard.

# A Coroneted Conjurer

NO Christmas party magician producing live rabbits out of an old top hat was ever half so entertaining as a real live lord conjuring gold-mines out of a crumpled and tarnished coronet.

This is the amazing holiday spectacle provided by that penurious peer, the Right Honourable Lord Haldon, "President" or "Chairman" of half a dozen shady share-peddling concerns.

We have frequently made reference to the noble lord's activities in this direction, and our readers are not likely to be misled into wasting their money on his concerns, knowing full well how much—or how little—the baronial recommendation is worth. In his latest stunt Lord Haldon only succeeds in making himself more ridiculous than ever.

According to his circular, he has discovered not one, but a whole series of gold-mines, clapped his coronet over them, and is almost pathetically anxious to share his good fortune with the wide, wide world.

He starts off with all the clap-trap of a conjurer, in this fashion:

"I want to tell you a little about the progress of the Monetary Metals Company is making.

"If you are not looking into this enterprise and posting yourself on its fundamental solidity so as to pass a righteous judgment on it, you are doing yourself an injustice.

"And that is not idle talk. I mean it."

What sonorous periods! What engaging frankness!

Reading further, however, we are forced to the conclusion that Lord Haldon knows as little about the Monetary Metals Company as we do, for after the personal opening quoted above, the circular, which is of ponderous length, exhibits all the signs of having been concocted in America and sent over here ready for his lordship to adorn above with his coronet and append his signature below.

We read of power-driven drills pounding away, steadily driving a big tunnel towards the spot where the treasure lies, and when it is reached it is expected to start a mill on a run of about 200 tons a day and enlarge it as speedily as possible to 500 or more tons a day. "We believe," declares this circular over Lord Haldon's signature, "that this property may soon be developed to deliver from 1,000 to 2,500 tons a day!"

And what does it all amount to? Simply this, that the shares in these wonderful gold-mines in Idaho are at the disposal of the Oil and Mineral Land Syndicate, of which Lord Haldon is "President," and he is anxious for you to buy them.

Last week Lord Haldon was fined £5 and costs in connection with this concern for an offence under the Business Names Act. Excellent, your Lordship!

# THE LUCKY BAG OF 1924

## by SIR SAMUEL INSTONE (Chairman of Coal, Iron, Aviation and Shipping Companies)

*THE longest lane in the world has an ending, and even the gloomy alley of Bad Trade along which we have been staggering for five years is coming to a turn at last. The future looms ahead, bright and encouraging. Even the Dismal Jimmies among us admit that business signs are hopeful. Here in this illuminating article, one of our best-known business men talks of prosperity ahead.*

I DO not take a gloomy view of the future. Now that the "hot air" of politics has been let off, and the European countries are coming to realise that unless they really settle down to the fact that they have to "put their house in order" there is no hope for them, we shall, in my opinion, soon be "on the rails" again.

I have been reading speeches of both sides in connection with the great question which was before the country, whether a Tariff or Free Trade is the best for the nation, and I realise, as all business men must, that there are very strong arguments on both sides. But there is one great fact that seems to me to have been overlooked by all as to the real and fundamental cause of the trade depression and unemployment which has existed in this country over the last two and a half years.

PEOPLE do not seem to realise that during the period of the war everybody who could turned out goods of all kinds, and were working at the greatest pressure both for the equipment of our own army and other armies, and for the supply of our own wants for the equipment of the huge home administration. Factories of all kinds were established to augment the existing factories, and the output from 1916 to 1918 was enormous. The currency was inflated and there was an abundance of money about.

At the end of 1918 the war came to a sudden end, and the Government were then in possession of millions and millions of pounds' worth of surplus stores of all kinds. The absorption of these surplus stores by the country is to my mind one of the principal, if not the primary cause of the unemployment and the bad trade that have followed. People do not realise that all this has had to be dispersed, not by export, but on the home market. Each European country engaged in the war was occupied in the same process of getting rid of its surplus war stores, and consequently was not a buyer.

IN addition to this, I well remember the very large amount of stores which were left in Europe by the American army, and these also have had to be dispersed. I consider that to have been able to absorb the greater part of these goods in so short time is in itself a remarkable feat.

Enormous stocks of French textiles, too, were thrown on the British market, and these again were a big competitive force. That affects employment in the Midlands and the North.

Could all these stores have been burnt at the end of the war it would have been the greatest boon to this country, but who could have advocated such a course? Nobody had any experience of the effects of a war on the lines such as that which commenced in 1914, and therefore, although the Government realised and handled millions of pounds by the sale of these surplus stores, I should think it has cost the country much more since, in other ways, than they have received. If these stores had been destroyed the factories would have been compelled to continue working, and there would have been very few unemployed.

OF course I do not lose sight of the fact that the foreign exchanges in their recent chaotic condition have made buying on any scale impossible, but now that the greater part of these stores all over the world have been cleared, I think the machinery will gradually have to be put in motion to produce.

Take the case of France. Houses were destroyed during the war, and the fact that they have so few unemployed must be largely attributed to the rebuilding of the devastated areas. Again, take the case of ships. The country's cry during the war, in response to the German submarine activity, was that at the cessation of hostilities we should insist upon ton for ton so sunk, and this, although in theory right, in practice has proved a disaster.

THE result is that we took up the German old tonnage and it was credited to us on account of reparations at a very high price. As a result it was sold to our own shipowners, to the great detriment of the British shipbuilding yards. We now have the mortification of seeing ourselves saddled with a lot of old and useless tonnage, and the German shipyards actively engaged on building new ships for Germany.

However, as I have said before, I am still optimistic. It has been said that peace in the Ruhr, and the reopening of the German mines, may have a very bad effect upon our own coal industry. It may be so, but my own view is that these German mines existed before the war and produced to their utmost capacity, and still we were able to sell our own coal and do a very large business. The fact that these same German mines may be worked again surely does not mean that there will be any more coal than there was before 1914 but only the same supply available, which may perhaps be handled by different people.

WE read that Austria is recuperating, and there is no doubt that Russia must settle down. Both these countries should prove to be good markets for British goods.

At the moment, Bradford, Manchester and the other centres of British textile industries report a bright market, increased orders and decreased unemployment. The settlement of the dispute between the merchants and the Piece Dyers Association has been all to the good.

MORE machinery is now in use, and a very healthy sign is the marked improvement in the home trade demand and increased business from all the Dominions, excepting Australia. American trade buyers of textile and purely British made-up woollen goods are now crowding the English markets, and another sign of the times is the huge development in London, as the world's buying centre, that has grown with the great expansion of the London fashion market.

THE promise of a boom in all trade directions in 1924 looks very hopeful, and, very possibly, the Exhibition will tend to the fulfilment of the promise.

There are many national problems yet to be settled before normal conditions are reached. Some cheering signs of the moment are the improved relations between France and Germany, the possibility in the very near future of a cordial understanding between certain French and German financial groups and the opening of direct diplomatic relations between the two countries.

Again, as a result of the settlement of the boilermakers' dispute 1,000 men at once found employment on the Tyne—considerably more than one might expect after the recent dislocations in the shipbuilding trade. As soon as order is restored, the full complement of workers will gradually reach normal. The immediate work must necessarily be confined to repairs; but with great effort a renewal of great activity in shipbuilding may be anticipated.

IN the matter of ships, mass production was set in motion to meet the war emergencies, but it has been found that a great many vessels that were built are utterly useless for ordinary commercial trading, and I think I can discern already an improvement both in the freights and, consequently, the price of ships. But when one looks at the map and sees how large an area was (as it were) out of the market for trading, one cannot be surprised at so many ships having to be laid up.

As regards aviation, there is a very large future for this ahead, and the fact that a National Company has been formed to develop British civil aviation is all to the good.

I was asked the other day whether a line would be put on from London to Scotland, but in my opinion aeroplanes will never be used largely for these short-distance flights. There is an excellent train service from London to Scotland, a man can enter the train at night and wake up in Scotland the next morning.

It must, therefore, be for the long-distance routes that the aeroplane will prove most useful. Take, for instance, the journey from London to Cologne. A man can leave London at 11 a.m. and be at Cologne by about 1.30 the same day (which is a great gain over the spending of twenty-one hours in a train) without the passport trouble or changing.

IT is the programme of the new National Company to develop the long-distance routes, and this will enable business men to get into the centre of Europe, see their clients personally, and return the next days. I am certain these routes will be well patronised.

Coming back to the question of a brighter future, we—like the rest of the world—will have to realise that things are not going to be easy, and we must be prepared to sacrifice a good deal of our time to genuine hard work. We must be prepared to embark upon industries and supply goods in accordance with the requirements of post-war conditions. I do not believe in harping so much on "1914" and pre-war days.

We are not in 1914, we are not in pre-war days, and we never shall be again, and therefore why we should make a fetish of "getting back to pre-war conditions" I cannot understand. People seem to forget that since the war practically ten years have passed under our feet, and I never knew that people in 1904 were so anxious to get back to the days of 1894.

WE must prepare ourselves to deal with conditions such as exist to-day and competition such as it is to-day, and, so far as we can foresee, as it will be from time to time.

The business is to be done. It only requires imagination, courage and hard work. And with that and determination I have no fear of the future.

# Candid Communications

## (Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

**To the Rt. Hon. EDWARD SHORTT, K.C.,**
**Ex-Home Secretary.**

SIR,—You have just made a statement that might well have come from you a long time ago, and saved the gallons of ink that were spilt during your silence. "Ronald True has never been reprieved," you say. "According to the law he is still under sentence of death, the fulfilment of which has only been postponed." May I ask, then, the reason for your amazing silence during the bitter controversy that raged around this case? Why has this pronouncement not come from you sooner? Your tardiness in making it has caused the public to form an unjustifiable opinion on what is a very vital question. May we now expect someone to contradict you? JOHN BULL.

**To the MANAGING DIRECTOR,**
**Messrs. Palmer & Mackay, Ltd., Trowbridge.**

SIR,—Because your constituency returned a Liberal at the election, you announced that your factory would be closed for "two, or possibly three weeks, as the electors have apparently no desire to help the trade of the country by protecting its manufactured articles." You have no right to punish your workpeople for their political opinions, and common humanity ought to prevent you from making them suffer at Christmas time. As you ate your Christmas dinner, did you not hear the pleading of the little children for the simple joys of which you had robbed them? JOHN BULL.

**To Sir W. J. PEAKE MASON,**
**Director, Ind, Coope & Co., Brewers.**

SIR,—Perhaps a shareholders' meeting of a brewery company is not exactly the best place to air political views, but certainly there was lots of "froth" at your little assembly. The idea of Labour ruling seems to annoy you. Why? If you have nothing to hide, you have nothing to fear! And when you say, "I would do my best to down Labour!" you border on the hysterical. Labour, my dear sir, will rule if it is the desire of the majority of our people—just as Liberalism and Conservatism have ruled! Do you object to such a constitutional procedure? JOHN BULL.

**To Lady HOWARD DE WALDEN,**
**37, Belgrave Square, S.W.**

DEAR LADY,—It is refreshing to know that some women in Society are fully equal to the task of taking the public by surprise in assisting those who cannot help themselves. It was a novel plan of yours to collect together a band of charitably disposed Society friends, and, with black masks, to raid the play-going haunts of the West End, singing carols and passing round the hat. The Canning Town Dockland Settlement is very sorely in need of funds, and its members must be very proud of you and your companions for doing good by stealth. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. Lord LAWRENCE,**
**Chairman, L.M.S. Railway Company.**

MY LORD,—No one desires to throw mud at the railways, though scanty consideration for the comfort of travellers has been shown since the war, but I am not surprised that the residents of Leigh-on-Sea have been moved to public protest against the state of things prevailing in that otherwise salubrious spot. A dirty and draughty booking hall overflowing with fish boxes is not calculated to put business men in the best of humour, and I am in cordial agreement with the resolution passed calling upon you to remedy this and other shortcomings. JOHN BULL.

**To CHARLES G. MUSGRAVE, Esq., J.P.,**
**Chairman, Metropolitan Water Board.**

SIR,—The condition of the employees of your Board appears to be far from satisfactory. According to a statement the accuracy of which I have no reason to doubt, they receive 6s. 10d. a week less than men in similar grades in the electricity service, and 7s. 3d. less than in the London Public Works. Yet the Board recently sought to reduce wages. Such parsimony in an important public service seems to me to be without justification, and I should like to know that the matter will receive your immediate consideration.

JOHN BULL.

**To J. B. WILLIAMS, Esq.,**
**Gen. Sec. Musicians' Union.**

SIR,—There is much unemployment and distress among musicians, and many are face to face with starvation. Why then are so many jobs allowed to be filled by members who have other work in the day-time and are not dependent upon music for their bread and butter? If your Union cannot put a stop to this kind of thing, it is absolutely useless. JOHN BULL.

**To J. THOMAS, Esq.,**
**Chairman, Lancashire Insurance Committee.**

SIR,—When two doctors were fined £1,000 by the Ministry of Health for infringements of the Insurance Act Regulations, you remarked at a sitting of your Committee that you would have gone into more details but for the presence of the Press representatives. Surely this is misguided discretion. These doctors had got hundreds of pounds from panel patients, you said, yet for some unknown reason their names were not disclosed. The Press of the country is always ready to expose individuals who rob the people. You should have helped, not hindered. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rev. A. S. ROSCAMP,**
**St. Nicholas', Wallasey, Cheshire.**

SIR,—Evidently you are one of those broad-minded parsons who move with the times. Their scarcity makes you and your fellows conspicuous—not to say distinguished. Every Sunday morning at 9.45 you hold a service for sportsmen, the outcome of a letter sent by you to individual golfers, tennis players, etc. Your service, occupying about an hour, is attended by some 80 people wearing plus-fours and flannels, and when it is over they proceed to their games. Your action strikes me as a move in the right direction. Fore!

JOHN BULL.

**To C. RAINE, Esq.,**
**Lord Mayor, Hull.**

SIR,—Some time ago it was my unpleasant duty to draw your attention to the fact that your arrangements in connection with the proposed statue in memory of Queen Victoria were somewhat unsuitable for the occasion. I pointed out that it was hardly the thing to erect such a monument over a public lavatory, and I am glad to see that more than three thousand citizens have now signed a petition to protest against such an eventuality. They feel, as I do, that such an act would be against all the canons of good taste and an unpardonable insult to the memory of a great sovereign.

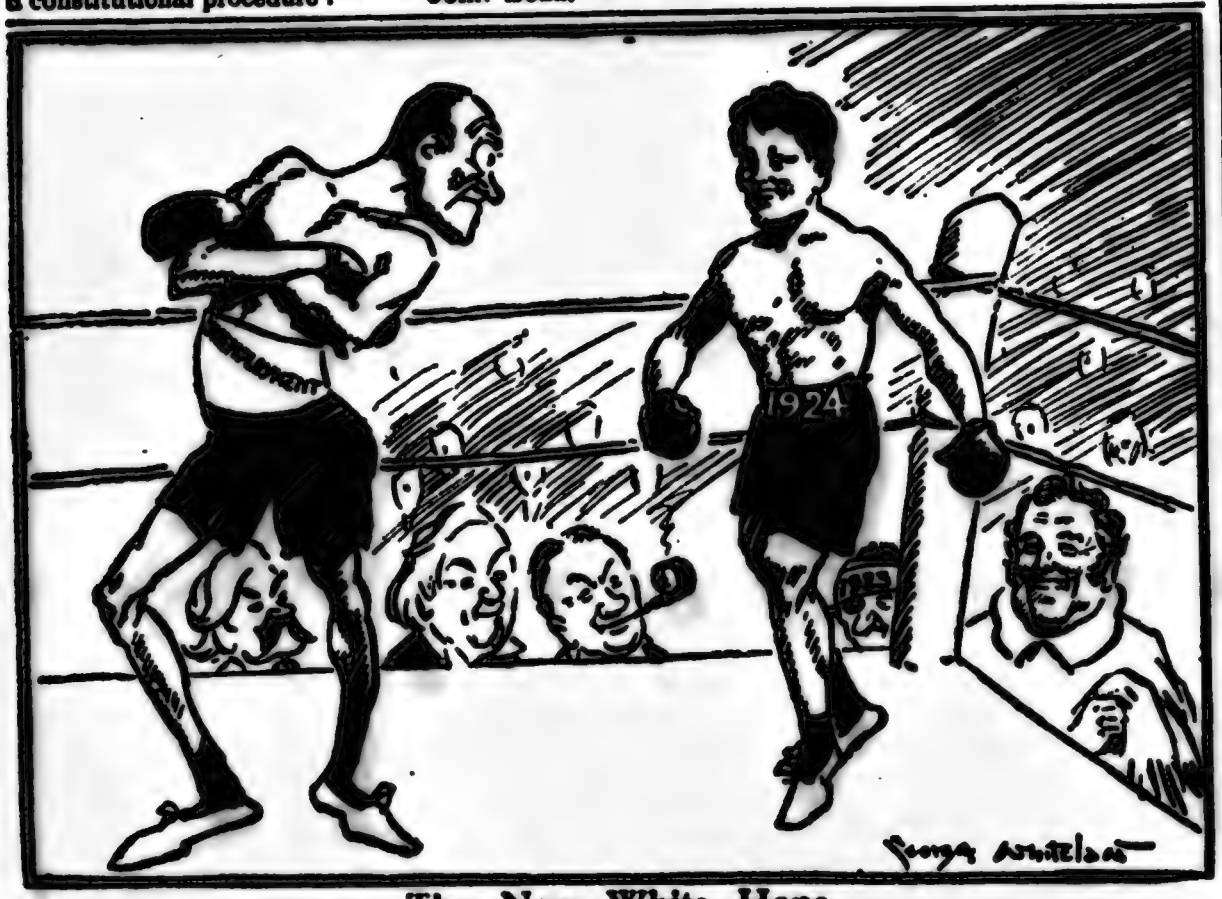
JOHN BULL.

**To RONALD LLEWELLYN,**
**16, Crescent Way, North Finchley.**

BRAVE BOY,—Though you are only twelve years old, you proved yourself a real hero when fire broke out in your house. You were playing in the street when you heard your little sisters screaming, and without a thought for your own safety, you called out "I must save them!" and rushed up the blazing staircase to their rescue. I am sorry, so sorry, that your gallant attempt was not successful, but I am very, very proud of you. Don't be downhearted, laddie. If you always do your best in the face of such terrible danger you will grow into a fine man. JOHN BULL.

**To the REV. ROBERT CLARK,**
**Chairman, Birkenhead Board of Guardians.**

SIR,—When the question of granting extra relief during Christmas week to the outdoor poor arose, your Board proposed to give 3s. to each man and wife, 2s. to each widow, widower, deserted woman, or single adult, and 6d. for each dependent child, but when a proposal to extend this relief to the unemployed not in receipt of the "dole" was put to the meeting, the voting was equal. By giving your casting vote against this act of Christian charity you have earned contempt which is hereby conveyed to you. JOHN BULL.




The New White Hope

*Without Fear or Favour*

# THE REAL DANGER

## Home Wreckers

THE scarcity of houses, together with the confusion caused by the evictions under the Rent Act, raises a problem the solving of which is far more important to the welfare of the country than the party manœuvring for position that is going on day by day.

There is a strong demand growing for an end to be put to a scandalous situation which is getting almost intolerable. Thousands of people are living under conditions which are a positive disgrace to any civilised country, and we have nothing but admiration for those who have waited so long and patiently for the fulfilment of the promises of politicians.

Throughout the land there are hundreds of people who are willing to purchase homes of their own, but they are not so foolish as to lay out hard-earned money on property so ridiculously inflated in price by the greed of the controllers of the building rings.

The greed of these ghouls is primarily responsible for all our housing troubles, and the position is daily growing worse as a result of the evictions under the Rent Act. This Act has been the means of breaking up more homes than even a Bolshevik Government could do. Scores of people have been evicted and hundreds of others are living in fear and trembling, knowing that at any moment they may be cast lock, stock and barrel into the streets.

Something has got to be done, and done quickly.

## Make Germany Pay!

IN conformity with the old saying that it is better to give than to receive, our Government has just sent to the United States the sum of £23,696,143, being part of the year's principal and interest of the war debt owing to that country. It is a nice little Christmas-box for "Uncle Sam."

We do not begrudge America what we owe her, although we have still to send to her one hundred and twenty-two similar amounts before the burden is finally lifted. But we do wish that some of our Allies would realise that Great Britain is not in possession of an Aladdin's cave from which she can extract fabulous wealth by the mere waving of a lamp.

Our vast army of unemployed will never be fully absorbed until industry is relieved of part of the present crushing taxation, and there is little hope of relief while this country alone is called upon to bear the cost of the war.

We suggest that the Committee which is to enquire into the Reparations question might also discuss inter-Allied debts. It would be a start, anyway.

## Constitutionalism *v.* Anarchy

***LABOUR extremists are hoping to drive the Labour machine. Liberal and Conservative extremists are desperately trying to prevent Labour taking office. These manœuvres, unless checked, will result in a class war. Constitutionalism is at grips with Anarchy.***

MUCH that has been written and said since the prospect of a Labour Government became real is mere hysterical nonsense. This is a democratic country. If the Labour Party, however it may be constituted, is placed by the electors in a position to govern, those who do not agree with it must accept the inevitable.

Not only that, but there is an obligation on them to give Labour's Government, which must of necessity be made up of men without previous experience, the same fair play as has been accorded to inexperienced Governments in the past.

Already there is strong expression on the Liberal and the Conservative sides for this obligation to give Labour fair play, and the country as a whole is likely to endorse that attitude—because it is in keeping with British traditions.

But the expression is not unanimous. The Press Gang, hand in hand with the extremists in other Parties, are growing frenzied in their endeavours to jettison the Constitution.

By fair means or foul, they mean to prevent Labour assuming the reins of Government in a constitutional way.

CERTAIN it is that their success would convince Labour of the futility of the political weapon, and drive the moderate elements straight into the ranks of the upholders of violence and force.

The Press Gang are, in effect, engaged in a direct plot against the security of the nation, and are surely putting an end to all hopes of that eventual Coalition which, with the present unequal balance of parties, is the only hope of a stable government.

Equally an obstacle to fair play for Labour comes from its own ranks, from the men who think they can take advantage of a Labour Government in power to press forward demands that they have held in abeyance up to now.

The miners are rightly pressing for a new wages agreement to give them a living wage, but there are also men in the ranks of the miners who see in the present political position an opportunity for reviving the demand for Nationalisation of the Mines, under threat of a national strike.

There are men among the dockers, the engineers, the shipbuilding trades, the building trades and the general workers' who now count on Labour employing the resources of the State to aid the workers in obtaining demands that a public eagerly looking for lower living cost must regard as unreasonable.

IT is one of the certainties of the immediate future that if both these groups cannot be restrained, the first task of the Labour Government will be to face a general revival of Labour unrest and the threat of trouble in every great industry.

A Labour Government forced by its own friends to embark on risky schemes of Nationalisation, or to apply pressure on employers to grant concessions they have already refused on economic grounds, would only create financial chaos.

An exasperated country would make short work of the Government responsible, and Labour would disappear from the political stage before it had had a chance.

From both the wild men of Labour, and the wild men of the Liberal and Conservative Parties, comes a direct threat to the stability of the country's Government.

It is a moment when adherence to the Constitution is the first duty of every Briton.

## Poisons We Eat

THE widespread interest aroused by the publication in JOHN BULL of the articles relating to the use of preservatives in all kinds of foodstuffs will presumably be revived by the issuing of the report of the Committee which is investigating the matter.

Meantime we welcome the support of Dr. James Fenton, medical officer of health for Kensington, who in a lecture before the Institute of Hygiene declared that in scores of foodstuffs and drinks he had found, as preservatives, drugs which might impair health and shorten life if taken over long periods. Not one of these chemicals could be defended as a normal ingredient of food.

The amazing part of the whole business is that certain firms, utterly unknown previous to the war, and now grown rich and influential, should have been allowed to go on poisoning the public for so long. Everybody is complaining that the nutriment seems to have gone out of nearly all foods, and that eating nowadays spells indigestion rather than strength.

We treat as criminals coloured men who supply dope to a few maniacs, and there is no earthly reason why white men who hand out camouflaged dope to the masses should not be treated in similar fashion.

We look to the investigating committee to pursue its task without fear or favour and tell the public in plain language who the food poisoners are.

## Coal Black Profiteers

THERE is trouble brewing in the coal industry. Miners are asking why their owners' profits should show an increase of 100 per cent. over the pre-war figure while wages remain at 55 per cent. over—22 per cent. below the increased cost of living. It is a pertinent question. If there is any one class of workers more deserving of sympathy than another, it is the mining class. Theirs is a difficult, arduous, dangerous occupation. Accidents are on the increase rather than the reverse.

It is of paramount importance to the welfare of this country that the miner should get fair play. Coal is the key to the key industries.

We know what the result of the Miners' Ballot will be. We know which way we should vote ourselves. We have no sympathy with profiteers of any sort. Coal-owners have not endeared themselves to us by exporting their coal in such huge quantities that the poor in our own cities have to pay high and go short. There is a big enough margin of profit for the price of coal to fall and the wages of miners to rise.

# Fair-play For Labour

## by A. G. GARDINER

*WHETHER 1924 is going to be a happy year depends upon how the situation in Europe is handled by the Politicians. Britain wants peace in Europe, says our contributor, and a Government that will get it—with or without the help of M. Poincaré.*

*Mr. A. G. Gardiner who shows how, by clearing up the situation in Europe, we can make 1924 a happy year.*

BEFORE the next issue of this journal appears, 1923 will be a tale that is told, and 1924 will have our destinies in its keeping. It is not the practice of the years to tell us much at the beginning about the secrets they have in store for us. I remember one that did. I still recall the sensations with which I read the news of the Jameson Raid on New Year's Day, 1896, and saw vaguely the clouds that were to burst in war four years later. *Absit omen!*

But if we are happily spared any foreboding shadow like that over the New Year, we shall certainly start it in a sufficiently sensational fashion. It seems to be practically certain that before January is out we shall have for the first time in the history of this country a Labour Government in power. I am not a supporter of the Labour Party, but I am, I hope, a sufficiently good Englishman to wish it success. "The King is dead; Long live the King" is my motto. I don't care what Government is in power so long as it governs wisely and for the general well-being of the State. Let the new Government, whatever it be, have fair play and loyal support so long as its proceedings entitle it to support. If Labour can bring us A Happy New Year, then all power to its elbow.

IN one direction I think the omens are good. Whether 1924 is going to be a happy year depends mainly upon whether the mess is going to be cleared up in Europe. That is the fly in our ointment. It was Lord Melbourne, I think, who when his Cabinet disagreed, put his back against the door and said, "We have got to decide, gentlemen, whether we are to hang together or hang separately." That is the position of Europe. Its members have to hang together or they will perish separately.

For five years they have refused to hang together and they have been perishing separately—some more than others, but all in some degree. We have suffered in loss of trade and in a consequent burden of unemployment that hangs like a millstone round our necks. Nothing but the enormous stability of our country has enabled us to bear this burden without breaking down; but even we cannot bear it indefinitely. Our greatest interest is peace. Without it we cannot in a national sense have A Happy New Year.

FROM this point of view I don't think it can be denied that the Election has cleared the air. In these columns and elsewhere I have for four years past insisted that the greatest menace to the peace of the world and the greatest obstacle to the recovery of Europe on which our own recovery depends was the policy of M. Poincaré. Government after Government have sought feebly and intermittently to check and defeat that policy. They have failed because the anti-British Press in our midst, for reasons which it will become the duty of the new Government to investigate, have played the flunkey to Poincaré and raised the standard of "Hats off to France." Poincaré has preferred to believe that our "stunt" Press and not our Governments spoke the mind of England, has snapped his fingers at us and continued a course of action that has destroyed our trade and filled our streets with unemployed.

Now he knows his new fate. Whatever the Election meant in other respects it did not mean "Hats Off to France." It meant that this country repudiates Poincaré's policy root and branch, that it wants peace in Europe and a Government that will get it, with or without the help of France. Poincaré has already seen the red light. He has begun to trim his sails and to adopt a new course. Better still, the wiser minds of France that know he is leading her as well as Europe to disaster are finding the courage to denounce him. He, too, is approaching the challenge of an election, and if the New Year sends him into seclusion it will do the greatest service we can ask of it.

THAT is one subject for cheerfulness in our anticipations of the New Year. Another is Russia. I have maintained in these columns for a long time past that one of the chief causes of our calamities is our refusal to recognise the Russian Government. I do not like that Government; neither did I like the Tsardom; but dislike of the Tsardom did not prevent us recognising that it was the *de facto* Government of Russia, and neither should our dislike of the Soviet prevent us making the same admission. It is not our business to dictate to other countries the sort of government they shall have. We do not let them dictate to us. And when our action is not only futile, but ruinous to our own business interests, what is then to be said in its defence?

SO let us be grateful that one of the first events of the New Year will be peace with Russia. It will be the biggest and best stroke of business done since the war. It needs no gift of prophecy to know that in a few months' time the country will be humming with orders from Russia for the products of our engineering shops, factories and forges.

By these means we may hope that the shadow of unemployment which has haunted this country so long will vanish as the New Year advances. That will be happiness indeed. When the stream of doles is dried up and the job clamours for the man, instead of the man for the job, the chief of our anxieties will disappear.

There is another great thing which we may expect from the New Year. If Europe is to live happily, it must live in friendly partnership and not in armed hostility. It must live by mutual aid or perish by mutual hatred. The League of Nations is the golden key to the future. But at present it is only half a League. The New Year should make it a whole League and inaugurate the United States of Europe.

WITH peace restored, with Europe once more in friendly communion, with the currents of trade flowing again, the cloud will be lifted from our sky. Let "Friends again" be the motto of the New Year, and in that spirit let us "greet the unseen with a cheer."

# An Appalling Spec

*THE hope and despair of Humanity's futu tive. Instead of expending their efforts on destruction, scientists would better serve h forces of Na*

*A. M. Thompson ('Daugle'). the well-known writer.*

SINCE the opening of this century the scientific mind has been exalted by a series of unforeseen discoveries which have set Science upon wings of poetry to scour the Infinite in search of marvels. The fabled caves of Aladdin and Ali Baba, the magic of Eastern lore and European fairy tale revealed to our children by stage and book at this season of fanciful sentiment, present to their enraptured consciousness no vistas of enchantment so amazing as those daily unfolded to our grown-up wonder by the more substantial sorcery of Science. It opens new worlds to us on every side.

It penetrates the laboratory of Nature and discloses her most secret processes. It unrolls the mysterious pages of pre-historic history. It takes the atomic and cosmic mechanism to pieces in quest of aids to mankind's power and well-being. The Man of Science is the wizard, poet and king of the age, and the dominant hope of humanity's future.

But, alas, the everlasting blend and clash of Good and Evil, of God and Devil, of beneficence and maleficence, affect his like all other human activities. While Science holds in one hand a radiant torch lighting the upward way to a Utopia of abundance and happiness, it holds in the other a terribly dark lantern adumbrating the descent to an Inferno of death, ruin, and horror.

And thus it comes to pass that at this sacred festival of Peace on Earth and Good Will amongst Men, when our minds are aglow with optimistic faith in the conventional promise of a New Year, the papers crush our fair expectancy with bodeful tales of German submarine "improvements," and scientific "progress" in the "perfecting" of diabolic poison stinks!

It was felt as a regrettable disadvantage during the war, we are told, that though gases, which merely blinded, choked, and maddened men, remained nicely operative for quite a "good" while, those that could be trusted effectually to murder babies slumbering on their mothers' bosoms, unfortunately "dispersed rather quickly," and therefore failed to kill off as many as could

# Life Without A Policeman

## by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(*Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.*)

***AT the end of one year and the beginning of another even the shallow people are apt to catch glimpses of the mystery of life, and to wonder whether they are missing the great secret. Our contributor gives his reasons for believing in a better world upon earth.***

ONE man celebrates the death of an old year by getting drunk and shouting songs in the streets; another awaits the coming of a new year on his knees, praying for a truer inward life. It takes all sorts to make a world.

There goes a maternity nurse, eagerly hurrying through the foul streets of a slum to help an unlovable woman lying on straw, or rags, or even newspapers, through her difficult hour; and here, under the bright lamplight, comes somebody's daughter with mincing steps and painted face, with lying smile and affected wickedness, seeking for prey. It takes all sorts to make a world.

THERE go two priests to two watch-night services, studiously avoiding each other as they pass, because they belong to different churches; and here come two burglars who work confidently together because each man trusts the other's honour. There goes Dives with a broken heart; and here comes Lazarus exalted to the seventh heaven by sevenpennyworth of gin. There goes a shabby scholar whose soul is set upon the pursuit of truth; and here comes a profiteer whose little foxy eyes never miss an opportunity of defrauding the State or oppressing his neighbour. Again, it takes all sorts to make a world.

But what sort of world are we making? And this world which we have already succeeded in making, could it endure for an hour without a policeman? Stand at a street corner and watch the crowd surge by. There are all sorts and conditions of men in that crowd, all the qualities of the human soul from purest saintship to the blackest brutality are massed together in that surging tide; and you know that but for the policeman this apparently orderly procession of all sorts and conditions of men might quite easily break up into the anarchy of the jungle.

It is saved by the policeman. The world we have so far succeeded in making has set up as its highest achievement, without which there could be no other achievement, this armed and helmeted figure who stands for something higher and better than ourselves. In spite of all our follies and stupidities, all our crimes and iniquities, we acknowledge a standard in human life. Some things we may do. Some things we may not do. Some things we ought to do. Some things we ought not to do. Even the burglar when he is caught will exclaim with an honest laugh: "It was a fair cop"; while the guilty swindler brought to justice will call God to be his witness that he has never wronged any man.

IT is a striking thing, this wish of the very worst of us to be taken for something better than we are. It is, perhaps, even one of the most powerful things in the evolution of the human race. Because we are not shameless in our iniquities we shall go forward to a kinder world, not backward to barbarism. All the same it is well to ask ourselves from time to time whether we cannot get into the world more enthusiasm for what is right instead of more shame for what is wrong.

To be ashamed of getting drunk is better than shamelessly wallowing in beastliness; but to love temperance, that is to say, to love the soul's command over the body, is the higher and the safer thing. To fight against the temptation to cheat and to steal is good; but to love giving ourselves and our goods to those who are suffering is the higher and the safer thing. There is a vital difference between fearing the policeman and loving what is true and good.

*Sir. Arthur Keith, F.R.S., the famous scientist, who has written much on the subject of evolution dealt with in this article.*

IF, then, we want better sorts of people to make a better sort of world we must raise the standards of human life. Our policeman must personalise a keener social conscience, a more ambitious Public Opinion. He must be able to arrest a newspaper proprietor for suppressing the truth and an advertiser for proclaiming a lie. Our shame must include many things not now reckoned criminal. We must be ashamed of ignorance, disease, brutality of thought and word. We must be ashamed of the extremes of luxury and misery; of science not devoted first of all to the uplifting of the human race; of learning not willingly shared with the ignorant; of all our virtues that are tinged, however faintly, with the corruption of self-interest; and, of course, of all political lying, all commercial cruelty.

CAN we hope for this higher standard? There are two answers to this question. Human nature improves; all its progress lies in an effort towards improvement; once we were animals, then we were savages, now we are civilised: to-morrow we may be something higher. No one in the world suggests that human nature has yet reached its high-water-mark. And no educated man in the world supposes that science has reached the last of its achievements. There is a strong belief among men of science that we are only now approaching a true knowledge of the invisible forces of Nature, and that we are on the eve of discoveries which will lighten human toil, revolutionise the face of social existence, and heighten man's interest in the possibility of a spiritual destiny.

And the second answer is this: The attempt to live as an animal is utterly destructive. It will not work. Men try to live for the appetites of the body, and so doing contort their bodies into caricatures, fill their minds with a black misery, and lose their souls alive. All the wretchedness, failure, self-destruction, and social chaos of human life have their rise in this one stupidity of the human race. If we make indifferent angels, at any rate we make ridiculous beasts. Animalism does not satisfy, therefore it cannot triumph.

THE wise man in any case will not celebrate a new year merely by getting tipsy, or by working himself up into vehement expectation of a political revolution, or by merely sticking a paper-cap on his head and jazzing round a public ballroom. Whether he kneels, or whether he watches, he will look within himself for the Kingdom of Heaven, and charge himself with new duties for the days that lie ahead. In such men lies our hope of a better world. They raise the standard of human life.

# ...pectacle of Futility

## by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

***...s future is here presented in its true perspec... ...rts on the invention of the poison gases of ...erve humanity by assisting the productive ... of Nature.***

...reasonably be desired. This deplorable defect in the more deadly sort of gases has therefore occupied the anxious thought of many scientific gentlemen; and their studious solicitude has now happily resulted in the discovery of a really reliable lethal gas "which will persist for seven or eight days," and which "no mask yet invented would be able to withstand." Think of it!

Picture to yourselves a Kentish countryside, fragrantly blooming in God's sunshine on a May morning or peacefully sleeping in a summer's night; and then the sudden attack by a swarm of aerial poisoners with gases which will enfold every form of life, man, woman, and child, bird and beast, in suffocating vapours, immediately paralysing their faculty of motion, choking the breath out of them, barring the way to help of any kind for a whole week, wasting the fertile fields, the flowering hedgerows, and the homely villages with a blight as deadly as that which fell upon the Four Cities of the Plain in the days of Lot.

This, as well as the boons I enumerated last week, is amongst the "improvements" which Science promises to bring us! With one hand she dispels the diseases of childhood, infinitely reduces our infantile mortality, banishes small pox, grapples with cancer and tuberculosis, retards the infirmities of age, lengthens our normal span of life, and adds a thousand and one comforts, conveniences, and blessings to our daily uses. With the other hand she threatens us with terrors more awful than were known to the worst days of savagery!

Is it really beyond the powers of collective human wisdom to check these malignant activities, and to limit the "progress" of Science to its beneficent functions? This process of developing merely to destroy is sheer lunacy. What should we say of a man who laboriously piled up marble palaces only to pull them down again or set fire to them? Yet that is precisely what we are doing with our sciences. The very man who has invented the new poison gas blandly tells us that he is now "trying to find an antidote!" Could imbecility devise a more appalling spectacle of futility?

When one thinks of what a world this might be if Science were solely devoted to making two ears of corn grow where only one grew before, to combating disease, to promoting human happiness, one feels inclined to weep over, or bitterly to curse, the madness of human greed and ambition which make such fantastic, suicidal folly possible.

# Dr. Burchardi the Lifegiver.

## By A. G. Hales.

I.

SIXTY years of hard full-blooded life as pioneer, gold-digger, soldier, sportsman, world-traveller, ranchman, war correspondent. Novelist had taken toll of me until even my cast-iron frame and vitality found its limit. I had finished my 38th novel when the crash came: the sap of life seemed to run dry like a withered tree; I shrank within myself suddenly. The sports I had loved lost their summons and my saddle hung upon the wall; boxing gloves, foils and golf clubs were sadly laid aside as relics of the past. I was broken on the wheel of things, worn out, worked out, beaten to my knees, of no more use than last year's leaves. The thing that hurt me most was saying farewell to my work. I had loved it, was proud of it, and there was such a lot that I had wanted to do. One medical man after another told me plainly I had drained the Chalice of Life to the dregs and nothing lay in front of me but the shadows, nothing but to crawl into the kirkyard like a glow-worm that has lost its glow; if paralysis did not get me before I got there. It was then that I heard of Dr. Burchardi, the gifted Scientist and Surgeon, of 27, New Cavendish Street, London, who was inaptly being written up in the Press as the "Gland Specialist." Having all to gain and nothing to lose, I went to him on the 23rd of February last, and after a careful examination I was operated upon by Dr. Burchardi in the afternoon, the operation lasting half an hour and serum minutin. Let me here say on my honour as a man that I am not receiving one shilling from Dr. Burchardi or any other persons for writing this series of short articles. I am writing simply because I know that there are many thousands of men lecturers, fifty and eighty years of age, who can be brought back to splendid vigour of brain and body as I have been brought back. When I tell my readers that in the ten months elapsing since the operation I have written three novels and am well on with a fourth, and that I ride the most mettlesome mare in Scotland and play golf every day, and am hale and strong and joy in my work and my sport, they will know why I call Dr. Burchardi a "Life-giver." In a forthcoming issue I will outline the Burchardi operation which has made a young man of me again—a man of work.—ADVT.

# SAINTS AND SINNERS

### Pen Portraits of Prominent People

### *by* HESKETH PEARSON

IT was the firm opinion of Charles Dickens that all Government officials were fools and that none of them differed from the rest. He was not quite right, because there are degrees of idiocy, and his own works disproved the assertion that any two comic characters, even of the same species, could really be like each other.

However that may be, there is no doubt that some folk are curiously typical of the class to which they belong. In a more or less degree they possess its peculiar virtues and vices. They epitomise their tribe, so to speak.

Sir John Bradbury is a perfect example of a Government official. He affects that air of mystery which is the hall-mark of all those who are entrusted with secrets too terrible to be shared. Anyone who sees him at his desk instantly thinks: "Ah! this man is obviously a pillar of the State. His shoulders bow beneath the burden of the Empire's treasury notes."

THE word "responsibility" is written in gilt-edged letters all over his face. His movements are quiet, decorous and important. Each flicker of an eye-lid suggests a thought that lies too deep for utterance. In his presence one is liable to become giddy. Here at last, one feels, is that identical Ship of State to which our politicians so frequently refer. This office must be the deck. And one takes the precaution of anchoring near a piece of furniture in case the vessel gets into motion.

SIR John has developed to perfection those telling little official habits that awe the man who is not "in the know." He will stop talking at a certain point in the conversation and make a long and very eloquent pause. This gives you the feeling that you have gone a little too far. Before you have discovered the exact nature of your *faux pas*, he will recommence the discussion and you are left with the impression that he has very courteously overlooked it this time, but . . .

Possibly the same thing will occur four times in as many minutes, and each time you become more flustered and self-conscious, while he remains as cool as a cucumber. When you think it quietly over after the event, you realise that he is an official, indeed a super-official, who, like his Government, gets calmer and cooler in proportion as you, like the electorate, get more ruffled and heated.

It has been most instructive to watch the effect of his cut-and-dried, red-tapish and peculiarly unadaptable methods of the French commissioners and diplomats. At first they couldn't understand him. They tried hard to probe beneath the surface-solidity of the Briton and got annoyed because they failed to do so. After calling him, in that charming Gallic fashion of theirs, every name they could think of, and observing that even the inevitable *assassin* made not the slightest impression upon him, they began to study him as an interesting human specimen.

Sir John Bradbury

THEY have now almost reached the stage of conversion—and the one thing that can be truly said in Bradbury's favour is that anyone more brainy than he would have been less successful.

# His Highness the New Baby

### *by* T. W. H. CROSLAND

HIS Highness the Year of Grace 1924 is knocking at the door. Nineteen hundred and twenty-three of his little brothers have knocked before him, been admitted, remained with us twelve more or less merry months and departed their several ways.

It being the nature of man to hope, I take it that we have been hoping ever since the year 1, and now at the end of nineteen hundred and twenty-three spells of hope we are as keen on hoping as we were. Of course we might very well enquire: For what do we hope?—not to say: What are our chances of getting it? We might also enquire: Is mankind at large, with all its aspirations dead and living, buried or burning in its bosom, better or worse off than it was at the end of the year 1?

ON this latter point opinions differ, as opinions have a habit of doing. There are philosophers who tell us that a trifling affair, known as the march of progress, has been a splendid thing for our happiness, and there are other philosophers who tell us that it hasn't.

For myself I am in no particular hurry to quarrel with either side. I can imagine any of us being just as miserable, or just as happy, a couple of thousand years back as we happen to be to-day. Progress may or may not be a double-edged sword and therefore capable of cutting both ways. On the other hand, any old year will do to be happy in, and crowds of people would contrive to be miserable in a year of heaven-dropped blessings.

THE other day I sat opposite a happy man at lunch. He was doing his humble duty by a plateful of crackly roast pork with trimmings, the end of a crusty loaf and a tankard of foaming ale. He had a velour hat on his head, a woolly coat on his back, and a gold ring on one of his fingers. He explained to me that in his view 1923 hadn't been much of a year for working people like himself, and neither had any other year he could remember. But he was looking forward to 1924 "to pay for the lot."

On being asked why, he winked and replied, "Well, somewhere in 1924 we are dead sure to get a Labour Government. "And a Labour Government will give us a new world, my bonnie boy. The workers ought to have a chance. We have put up with things as they are long enough, and 1924 will pay for the lot."

Far be it from me to discourage the well-meaning, especially if they happen to be fond of roast pork. So I refrained from attempting to discourage my friend. Perhaps he is right. Perhaps we shall have a Labour Government in 1924. Perhaps that Labour Government will do its best to give us a new world. Perhaps we have put up with things as they are long enough, and perhaps a change will be all to the good.

Provided the new world turns out to be slightly different from New Russia and the changes are not allowed to run to too great a reduction in wages or too great a slump in the value of money, I for one shall endeavour to smile through.

AT the same time I have my doubts about His Highness the Year of Grace 1924. No matter what sort of a Government he may bring us, I doubt if in the main he will prove much different from any ordinary or average new year, and I think a very good way of starting him off on his twelve months' adventures, as it were, will be not to expect too much from him.

As the ape remarked when he divided the cheese between the cats and kept nearly all of it for himself, "Blessed is he that expecteth little, for he shall not be disappointed." I don't want 1924 to disappoint anybody. But I am open to lay longish odds that it won't be quite the year of the Millennium.

Notwithstanding: Here's to 1924 and the new world!

# "Suffer Little Children . . . ."

## by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

***THE boy of to-day is the man of to-morrow. As we treat our children so shall we be served by the manhood of the future. Here our contributor deals with the absorbing subject of juvenile delinquents, and tells of the splendid work being done by the Children's Court.***

*Mr. Sydney Moseley.*

I COULDN'T help thinking of the most appealing of all scriptural quotations when I watched a little boy with round cheeks, dimples showing through the veneer of dirt, standing before a long table at which were seated some twenty British men and women. At the head of the table sat a kindly looking man with silvery hair, on his right-hand side a lady in black, and on his left a short, stoutish man whose face always threatened to broaden into a grin.

It may have been the approach of the Christmas season, but the atmosphere of the big room suggested a homely gathering rather than a police court. When the man with the silvery hair addressed the little boy—he addressed him as Charlie—you could hardly hear the reply. You got the impression that some weighty world problem was already overshadowing the life of the little mite who had really hardly begun to live.

And the problem, too, which oppressed the boy was troubling the man with the silvery hair. You felt that you could almost see a great big luminous question-mark overhanging the boy—a question which all these grown-up men and women would have to decide.

And that terrific problem was really the simple one of Charlie's future—whether he was to be sent to a home of detention, a reformatory, a school (call it what you will) or whether he would be taken in hand by the guardians of the new social order and turned into a happy creditable young citizen.

* * *

Charlie was one of a continuous procession of children who passed through the Children's Court at Shoreditch Town Hall before Mr. Clarke Hall, the presiding magistrate. A casual visitor could hardly associate this gathering with a Court of Justice.

Yet how long ago is it that these young criminals were handed before the stern "beak" surrounded by uniformed policeman and adult criminals of the worst type. Indeed, how many of our hardened criminals to-day—how many murderers!—could point an accusing finger at those who were responsible for that early mishandling of the problem?

They manufactured young criminals in those days as they manufactured socialists. Humanity, psychology, understanding, were all lacking. Mr. Clarke Hall himself told me that on that very day he had been looking through the dossiers of a man who had spent forty of his sixty-seven years in prison.

That man, when a child, was seized by the police for one trivial offence and sent to a reformatory where the education of a criminal began. There was a touch of bitterness and incredulity in Mr. Clarke Hall's voice as he told me that.

And, indeed, you would hardly credit such crassness in the British people. Another aged friend told me that Charles Peace, the notorious criminal, had confessed to him that his career of crime began when he was "put away" as a child for stealing a pair of boots. "Heaven knows I needed them," said Peace, and proceeded to say that he learnt all about the art of thieving and housebreaking in the reformatory, and put it into practice on his release.

Well, it has taken us a precious long time to learn our lesson. The Children's Court to-day is only beginning. There is a long way to go.

* * *

Charlie's problem was a perplexing one. It was brought before the Court at the instance of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The "cruelty" lay herein: that he was found wandering "exposed" to the mercy of the bitterly cold weather we have been experiencing.

The story of Charlie, as told to the Court by the very human Probation officer, was one which should have been heard by the candidates of all parties at the last General Election. I should have had every one of them on the magistrate's bench and compelled them to offer a solution.

Charlie was one of five children. His father had been unemployed, they had fallen into arrears with their rent, and on the day when the frost was hardest, had been bundled out into the streets. The mother had taken to secret drinking, and had walked the streets with her five children.

In despair she had gone to the police, who could do nothing, then to the workhouse, and finally she left two of her young on the doorstep of the infirmary, had taken two with her and left the other one to roam in the wilderness of London.

One of the boys had a black eye, a present from a distracted and drunken mother, but little Charlie had escaped with no motherly souvenirs beyond a frozen body, a hungry soul and two weary feet. He eventually barged into Authority . . . And Authority scratched its official head and wondered in the name of a now-enlightened people what to do with him.

* * *

In dealing with the problem of the child criminal we need not obscure the facts by flaccid sentimentality. Heaven knows there is enough in the picture of a Children's Court to touch the hardest of hearts. But to the advocate of making the punishment fit the crime, to the stern disciplinarian, I would merely say: count up the debit and credit side of your social ledger. Tot up the cost to the State of maintaining the criminal you create by crass and crude methods, add the loss of their creative labour, and put the total against the alleged good you do by drastic punishment.

If you will not count your blessings which the God of Humanity might give to you, count your loss. It is not mere sentiment: it is business.

The experiment of the Children's Court is a definite success. But it must be more universally recognised and acknowledged. The new policy of sensible humanitarianism must be extended. Mr. Clarke Hall indicated to me that he was not altogether satisfied with even the reformed reformatories.

It seems to me, however, that it is more a question of personality than of policy. A broadminded, firm and fatherly head of an industrial school can accomplish wonders in the teeth of official rules and regulations. Even the Children's Court depends

*Mr. Clarke Hall.*

a good deal on the presiding magistrate. Mr. Clarke Hall has achieved renown as a patient and kind-hearted magistrate although he has firmness and courage which make his leniency appear all the more noble.

"What do you do to these boys if they can't pay the two-shilling fine?" I asked him. He smiled as he answered my further unspoken question.

"No," he said, "I do not send them to prison. I give them time to pay."

The two-shilling fine was made with noticeable frequency when I attended the Children's Court. This was the formula:

"What's he here for?" the magistrate would ask.

"Playing football in the street, sir."

"Are you working?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Pay the cost of the summons—two shillings."

Now it seems to me that the time of the Court could very well be spared these petty prosecutions. In Shoreditch there are no fields, only grimy slums, and while that is no reason why boys should transgress the law, one feels that a sharp warning or even an unofficial cuff on the ear would sooner meet the case than a summons. The magistrate is bound to convict, but the Court, while not disposed to censure the police for a too close interpretation of the law, plainly betrayed a lack of sympathy with the prosecutors.

* * *

The Children's Court was not meant to encourage arrests or summons on trivial charges. The problems of the real child criminal need all the time of the Court.

For the first time in the history of our judicial system notice is being taken of the mental criminal. Of course what was criminal in these cases was the stupid and senseless treatment of these poor wretches. What they need is a physician.

Authority has still a lot to learn in this respect, but it is encouraging to notice that as a first step, mental delinquents are now being placed on probation. And—do you know?—the psychological aspect of a young criminal is at last being recognised. Mr. Clarke Hall told me of a very interesting instance which illustrated the need for this knowledge. Two boys were charged with stealing. They were placed on probation. The magistrate afterwards asked them why they had stolen. One boy replied: "Somebody challenged us to a match—who could steal something from each stall in the market first. I won, sir, *but it took me a whole month.*"

The point emphasised by Mr. Clarke Hall was that, although these boys stole, they had a better side to their character than the bald facts indicated. Each boy depended on the honour of the other. It was easy enough for any boy to have claimed that he had won by stealing three or four articles on one stall and pretending that they had come from several. But this boy had taken a month to win "honourably."

Such perseverance and honour might be redirected into a better channel if carefully piloted. That is what the Probation officers in connection with the Children's Court are doing every day with success. It is indeed curious to note that the majority of these thefts by children are not the result of need but of impulse, mischief or wagers.

* * *

And if every boy who obeyed the imp that is within him were sent to prison the first time he slipped, we should soon become a nation of criminals!

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# Human Documents

*Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.*

## In the Hands of Mormons

"IN 1912 I married a young lady in England and lived very happily with her until 1913, when she became entangled in the meshes of a crowd of Mormon missionaries who were very active in a place just outside the outskirts of our town, and she became so taken up with them that eventually they persuaded her to leave me and go to Utah.

"Now I did all in my power to prevent her from carrying out this mad idea, but no, she was determined to go and told me that nothing would stop her. She sailed on the 4th June, 1914, and since that day I have never heard a word concerning her. After she left I sold up the home that I had worked hard to put together, and lived in rooms until the war broke out, when I joined up.

"After the war I obtained a fairly good job here in Australia and am earning a decent living. Now, Humanist, I have fallen in love with a girl here to whom I have told the past. She is ready to marry me, but am I justified in taking the risk of bringing dishonour upon her and our children? I do not know to what part of Utah my wife went, so that I cannot trace her.

"Must I sacrifice my own and perhaps another's happiness because of the wrong she did me ten years ago?"

"Humanist" says: *If you can prove that you have made every possible effort to trace your wife for seven years, without success, you may take the risk of marrying again. It would not be right to let two lives be blasted through the half-forgotten folly of a deluded woman.*

## Taint of Borstal

"WHEN one becomes a well-known and respectable business man and citizen, one never likes to be confronted with a questionable past. I was born in a Lancashire cotton town, of working-class parents. As a youngster I was never really bad, but was gifted with that spirit of mischief which is the outcome of high spirits. Alas, I fell in the eyes of the hyper-respectable, for when I was twelve I committed an awful theft—I pilfered from a grocer's shop six rosy-cheeked apples.

"For that offence I went to a Borstal home for three years. The disgrace broke my mother's heart and she died twelve months before my time was up. I worked side by side at the bench there with a youngster a year my junior, and his recent reappearance is the cause of this letter.

"When I left this prison I went to a strange town and entered the cotton industry as a mill worker. I made good, and I am now a mill owner and well known in local circles.

"The other week I discovered that my old Borstal friend had been given a labourer's job in my works. I am not sure whether he recognises me as one of his old fellow prisoners, but am in dread lest my past history will be spread in the town where I am held in such esteem. It would be unwise as well as unjust to dismiss him. To bribe him to secrecy would be as insane."

"Humanist" says:—*You are assuming, quite wrongly, that the other man is a bad lot. Why should he want to harm you, even if he does recognise you? The best proof that you can produce that you are "not really bad" is to reveal your identity to this man and give him a helping hand.*

## An Old Man's Plaint

"PEOPLE often long for a healthy old age and picture this period of their life as an era of restfulness and contentment, when they are surrounded by young offspring eager to attend to the first uttered want. How different things really are!

"I am an old man of seventy, an old soldier who fought in the Zulu War of '79. When I quitted the Army I entered business, and success so far attended my efforts that retirement was possible at 60. As far as means are concerned I have little to complain of.

"But the utter loneliness, the lack of sympathy, the isolation of these days oppress me as they must do others of a similar age. My two children have grown up, have reared families, and are both in the grave. It is true I see my grandchildren fairly frequently, but these young people and myself have little in common. Their ways are not mine; conversation lags when we talk, for their interests are in dances, cinemas and theatres, while mine stretch back to the staid sixties and seventies, to the age of the Prince Consort and the Ashantee War. If I air my opinions I am laughed at as an old-fashioned creature in his dotage.

"My faculties are as sound as ever they were; my views are as worthy of consideration as those of less mature years. But youth turns away in contempt and it will, I fear, be over the case. Like others I am old and lack comradeship. The friends of my youth have passed away and left me a stranger among strange people with ideas and customs foreign to my own. Even when surrounded by a crowd I feel alone. Should old age be treated so?"

"Humanist" says: *I do not agree that youth to-day treats old age with irreverence or contempt. Perhaps you are hyper-sensitive. It is the experience of other old men that approaching years bring various consolations. Try and transfer your affections to the third generation.*

## Should a Doctor Tell?

"DOCTORS have a code of etiquette which forbids them to divulge details regarding their clientele, and this iron code often causes the conscientious individual many qualms. I am one of these.

"Two weeks ago there came to me a young male friend who has always lived a fast life. He laid bare his heart, giving me details of his immoral career, and asked for treatment, which he hoped would effect a permanent cure of his illness. The reason for his anxiety is that two months ago he became engaged to an adorable girl whose past life has been as pure as his has been sordid.

"I am an intimate friend of both the parties. I long to see the young fellow married happily and settled in life, yet I recognise that my girl friend's happiness is at stake. Should I acquaint the girl with the whole of the facts which at present she knows nothing of? Am I morally bound to secrecy as a qualified man is? Or should I let things take their course, for there are good hopes that careful treatment will effect a lasting cure?"

"Humanist" says: *Your plain duty is to keep your mouth shut and cure the man. If he turns out to be incurable, you must then reason with him as a friend and make him give up the girl. Surely he cannot be so base as knowingly to bring suffering and misery to the girl he loves.*

## The Girl in Trouble

"I HAVE been married nearly 20 years and have four children, the eldest a girl of 18. My husband has been one of the very best, and has always tried to bring his children up to hate anything that is not respectable. For all his splendid teaching, I regret to say that our oldest girl has got entangled with a young man and is expecting to be a mother.

"My husband is furious, and has given her one week to clear out. I have pleaded with him, but in vain. Now, about a year ago I heard the astounding news, with definite proof, that my husband had himself got a girl into trouble when he was young. I do not want to let him know that I have any idea of his secret, as I know it would cause him great shame and misery.

"Yet I cannot see my girl turned out of house and home. Please, Humanist, what shall I do?"

"Humanist" says: *If you cannot make your husband merciful in any other way, I think you would be justified in using the knowledge you possess. Those who judge must expect to be judged. To turn your girl out would be to ruin her, not to save her. Try an appeal to your husband's humanity once more. If that fails, you must reveal what you know*

**Thought Behind the Gift.**

"Just before Christmas my employer gave me £10. Now he has begun to pester me with unwelcome attentions and I know he thinks the present gives him the right to do so. Is there no way out?"

*Have a straight talk with your employer. If he is a man, he will leave you alone. If he is not, you will have to leave him.*

**False Sentiment.**

"I divorced my wife four years ago. Now I am in love with a girl and she loves me, but she says it would be wrong to marry a divorced man. What can I do?"

*Nothing, except go on reasoning with her. If the girl is so stubborn and foolish as to hold you responsible for your former wife's faults, it is doubtful if she would make a suitable wife.*

**A Brother's Difficulty.**

"My elder brother is an absolute rotter. He has just got engaged to a charming girl who does not know that he drinks, gambles, etc. Is it my duty to warn her?"

*No. You have no duty, but if you are on friendly terms, warn him.*

**Under False Pretences.**

"I am a domestic servant, and was in love with a man who I thought was honest. The house was burgled last week, and I'm sure he was concerned, as I have not seen him since. Must I report my suspicions to my mistress?"

*I think you should. You may be the means of saving others from the base deception you have yourself suffered.*

**The Nagging Girl.**

"I am a girl clerk in an office, and my life is made miserable by the girl I work with, who is always nagging and quarrelling. I have been offered a job in a shop—longer hours and less pay."

*If you think you will be happier in the shop, by all means take the job. Money cannot bring happiness, and a contented mind is of more value than gold.*

**Atonement Before Reform.**

'My son got a job as an auxiliary postman during the Christmas rush. I found out that he fell to temptation and stole letters containing money. The Postal authorities are now trying to trace the culprit. My son promises to go straight in future. Should I tell?"

*Frank confession and repayment of the money stolen is the only course. You must persuade your son to take it.*

**Pleasant Saturday Afternoons.**

"I have always been a keen follower of football, but now that I am married my wife thinks I ought to take her out on Saturday afternoons instead of going to football matches. She says I am selfish. Is she right?"

*Not if you take her out at other times. You must think of her pleasure as well as your own. Do this and she will not grudge you your Saturday afternoons.*

**Out of the Frying Pan**

"I ran a Slate Club, and spent some of the money. I made up the deficit at the share-out by borrowing twenty pounds from a friend on promising to pay back two pounds a week for fifteen weeks. I cannot keep up the payments. Can he have me arrested?"

*No. You paid up the Slate Club, and that is finished with. You are now in the position of an ordinary debtor. Show him this and ask for more time.*

**Fair-Haired Baby.**

"Both I and my husband are dark, and have brown eyes. Our first child is the same, but our second has fair hair and blue eyes. My husband won't believe that it is his and refuses to have anything to do with it."

*Your husband is a fool. Children do not necessarily resemble their parents. Heredity often jumps a generation; sometimes it jumps several. Somewhere in your family or his there must once have been a fair-haired person. That is enough to explain everything.*

# THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

## Charge Against a Crude-Sader

*by* HARRISON OWEN

WHEN a figure draped in a white sheet, fashioned to resemble a smock, stepped into the dock, spectators in the public galleries, peering down into the limly-lit court, thought that a ghost left over from Christmas was about to be charged under the Witchcraft Act.

It was soon made clear that the figure was General Sir Edward Bethune, Record Keeper of the "Most Noble Order of Crusaders." To a charge of using threatening language he pleaded "Not guilty."

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., explained that the Most Noble Order was founded a couple of years ago. "Not only is the Order 'Most Noble,'" he remarked, but most of its officials appear to be tremendously grand fellows. There are Grand Abbots, Grand Scribes, Grand Hospitallers, Grand Custodians, Grand Seneschals and others too numerous to mention. Statements regarding the aims and methods of the organisation have been so conflicting that it is desirable the public should discover where the Most Noble Order stands—and why.

"The specific words which form the basis of the charge against Sir Edward are: 'Our methods may sometimes be a bit outside the law. Personally, I don't care a jot if they are.' This is language which even the grandest of citizens is not entitled to employ, and ordinary burghers, who have not been ennobled by joining the Order and donning what I might describe as a knightdress, would like to know what these illegal methods are and against whom they are to be employed.

"The Grand Scribe has talked about 'rooting out local scandals' and carrying on a crusade against gambling. This may sound admirable, but, on the other hand, it may be merely a form of recreation for a new collection of unofficial Nosey Parkers. We employ police and detective forces to preserve law and order and root out scandals, and if these public servants fail in their duty the searchlight of publicity can be turned upon them. We do not yet require a body of secret police.

FOR the defence, Mr. Strawsplitter said that the Crusaders had been guilty of nothing worse than pious aspirations, and a somewhat juvenile penchant for theatricalism. In using the words complained of, Sir Edward had probably spoken in his haste.

A verdict of "Guilty" was returned, with a recommendation to mercy on account of the prisoner's previous good character.

"I will not overlook either the jury's recommendation or the plea put forward by counsel for the defence," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "but it is as well that the prisoner and his associates should understand here and now that we do not want any Krude Klux Klansmen or fancy-dress Fascisti in this country. General Sir Robert Baden-Powell has already stated that neither he nor the Boy Scouts' Association has any connection with the Crusaders, and, in answer to Mr. Strawsplitter, I would like to point out that the Boy Scout Association is not a secret society and is strictly non-sectarian, whereas the Crusade movement does not admit Jews.

"Perhaps members of this most Noble Order, like the Boy Scouts, aspire to perform one good deed a day, but we would have more confidence in them if the Grand High Cockalorum or some other grand official would supply us with more precise information as to the nature of these good deeds. In any case, language such as was used by the prisoner is inexcusable, and I must order him to make a New Year's resolution not to offend again in this respect."

# Printers' Pie

*(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelope "Pie.")*

"WOMEN'S WORLD":—"For a moment he stood gazing at those sinister words, then the paper FELL FROM HIS HEART."

"YORKSHIRE POST":—"The annual ball of the Keighley Golf Club took place last night. About TWO guests were present, and dancing continued until about 1.15 a.m."

"DAILY HERALD":—"Mr. Kennedy Scott and his Philharmonic Choir are going to give a special performance at the Central Hall, Westminster, to an audience consisting of SIR HENRY WOOD, MR. BERNARD SHAW, and over two thousand OTHER CHILDREN."

"CORNER MAGAZINE":—"To secure a better purchase she pressed the HEEL of her LEFT HAND gainst the carved rose on the drawer's left side."

"LIVERPOOL WEEKLY COURIER":—"One night the pulleys broke and poor Perseus landed on the stage and only just escaped being devoured by the dragon. FORTUNATELY he RECEIVED SERIOUS INJURY."

"SOUTH WALES GAZETTE" (advert.):—"For sale, WITH VACANT POSSESSION, some charming JUMPERS AND BLOUSES."

"LOT-O'-FUN":—"Dick, now HALF-BLINDED by the ROAR, was thrown into the river."

"PEOPLE'S FRIEND":—"You should DRINK tea and coffee in strict moderation, ALSO RICH GREASY DISHES."

# CARTOONETTES

## and Topical Jingles

*by* FRANK HOLLAND

Why did he put upon his foot
A ball and chain so heavy!
In power or out there's not a doubt
He'll have to "loose" the Levy.

The old admirers now have fled.
They give the miss a "miser."
The maiden aunt does not enchant.
And no one wants to kiss her.

It makes one wild to have a child
With selfishness so shocking!
No decent lad would face his dad
With such a [illegible] stocking.

Tho' twenty-four may have in store
Some better times maybe,
Our hopes of luck all came unstuck
In nineteen twenty-three.

# BIRTH CONTROL EXPOSED

## by HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND, M.D.

*SO much has been said in favour of Birth Control that we give below the views of a man who not only deplores the practice but denounces it as immoral. Birth Control is no remedy for our social ills, says Dr. Sutherland in this powerful article, and it leads to only one end—a ruined and servile State.*

MANY people seize the wrong end of a stick simply because they have forgotten that a stick has two ends, a right and wrong. Moreover, it is always easier to believe error than to discover truth, because a falsehood may be stated in a few words, whereas years may be spent in marshalling evidence to refute it.

The strangest thing about the Birth Control movement is its name. The act of birth cannot be controlled, the control of conception is always uncertain, often dangerous, and the last thing which birth controllers seek to control is passion. Nothing is controlled. But the whole controversy may be reduced to a single question.

The birth controllers, or as I prefer to call them, the Contraceptists, maintain that a high birth-rate is the *cause* of war, unemployment, high death-rates and poverty; or, in other words, that these evils only exist because too many babies are being born.

On the other side are those who say this theory is false, that in truth poverty and social misery are the causes of a high birth-rate, and that when social conditions are improved, high birth-rates tend to fall, by the laws of Nature.

THE issue is simple enough. If one side be right, the other must be wrong. There can be no compromise.

Do babies make war? It is certain that until the nations learn through Christianity that justice is higher than self-interest, there will be wars on the earth. If babies can make war, they can prevent war.

In every fight there is an aggressor, and when two nations are equal in strength, the aggressor will hesitate before entering upon an exchange of death and mutilation. In 1850 the populations of France and Germany were equal, 35½ millions each; but in 1913 that of France was 39½ millions, that of Germany 67 millions. Did the practice of artificial birth control save France? Surely the absence of many babies in France was an incentive to the declaration of war by her envious neighbour? The Germans expected to be at the gates of Paris within a month!

CONTRACEPTISTS tell us that an uncontrolled birth-rate forces an overcrowded country into wars of aggression in order that its frontiers may be extended. That argument cannot be applied either to Great Britain or to the Empire. The whole population of the United Kingdom could stand as a crowd on the Isle of Wight. Our cities are overcrowded, but in England and in Scotland are tracts of uncultivated land that could support peasant proprietors, and in our vast overseas dominions are great empty spaces whose untilled soil and excellent climate await a population.

I hate war, and I know that very few of the "glittering prizes" came to those who fought, but I have faith in my own people to believe that the creation of a great Colonial Empire, in which every man owned his share, would make for peace and prosperity in the world for centuries.

WE cannot build an empire unless we preserve our race. Unless the average number of children per family exceeds four, the race will decline. Unless married couples leave sufficient children, our numbers will diminish. There must be children to replace the parents when they die, and also children to replace the unmarried uncles and aunts when *they* die.

At present the average number of children per family in Great Britain is *less* than four. If contraceptists really desire smaller families amongst the poor and larger families amongst the rich, why then do they circulate books on contraception amongst the wealthier classes?

Children bring happiness: They are also a burden, and demand sacrifices from the parents, rich or poor. No class has a monopoly of virtue, and the rich man who gives up a yacht, the professional man who surrenders a car, and the poor man who ceases spotting the loser of the two-thirty, are all making a sacrifice of pleasure on behalf of an extra child.

OUR parents made sacrifices for us. Was it worth their while? If not, the fault is ours. Of course there is the other side. You were never consulted about coming into this world where "in the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread," and if you have fewer children you may have more enjoyment for the time being, irrespective of the race.

Indeed, the whole doctrine of individual and racial suicide was once advocated by a German philosopher. He advised people to have no children and to commit suicide in order that human beings might disappear from the face of the earth, but when cholera came to his town—he fled. At its best that philosophy is the black gospel of despair, the blasphemous admission of man's irretrievable defeat. Never have I heard that creed from the lips of a man; nor from the lips of the mothers of men.

UNEMPLOYMENT is another evil attributed to babies. If there were fewer people there would be more work, so they say. Well, during the war the Germans killed 680,000 of our workers, the best of our workers, and so there were 680,000 jobs to be filled. Has unemployment been any the less? The contraceptists could never destroy so many babies in so short a period, even if they worked overtime.

The truth is that during the past fifty years the unemployment figures have varied from 2 to 15 per cent. The variation has been due to booms and slumps in trade, and has had no relation whatsoever to changes in the birth rate. During the whole period the average number of men out of employment has been 4 out of every 100. Surely it is possible during a slump that these four men and all their families might be supported by the other 96 and by their employers. Is it really necessary to blame the babies?

It is also false to say that high birth-rates are the cause of high death-rates. In those Departments of France where there is a high birth-rate, the death-rate of adults and infants is lower than in those Departments with lowest birth-rates.

All statisticians are agreed that a high birth-rate does not cause a high death-rate. On the contrary, the Registrar-General has pointed out that our

Halliday Sutherland

*low* birth-rate tends to increase the proportion of old people in the country, that this must lead to a rising death-rate, and that a tendency towards this rise is already apparent in the statistics of the United Kingdom.

Babies are blamed for poverty! There are more babies in the slums than in Mayfair, and ascending the social scale, class by class, the number of children in the family gradually diminishes until we come to the old English nobility, of which 19 per cent. are childless. Contraceptists say that this is due to the practice of artificial birth control by the rich—indeed that they are rich for that reason—and that it is a cruel shame to withhold this knowledge from the poor.

A MONSTROUS indictment! A pitiful bleat! Think what they imply—that as a rule the more wealth a man inherits the fewer children he is willing to support, and that there is a crescendo of national selfishness—unparalleled. The practice of birth control is too prevalent, but not to that extent. Nor are the poor ignorant of contraceptives, although they have used them less than any other class. The truth is that in all countries, at all times, even in countries where contraception is little practised, the birth-rate amongst the poor is always higher than amongst the rich. Poverty is the cause of a high birth-rate.

WHEN social conditions are improved fertility is diminished, and the birth-rate falls. Nature has no longer any need to make good the leakage from a heavy death-rate. When sanitary conditions in the Suez Canal zone were improved, the death-rate fell.

Then the birth-rate fell, without the aid of a birth control. The birth-rate amongst the poor will be lowered—by better housing, by making an end of the present wholesale adulteration of food, and by giving to the masses the inalienable right of a free people—security.

On the other hand, under conditions of oppression or scarcity the birth-rate rises. That is true throughout Nature. In the salmon rivers of Scotland an extraordinary event has been noted. If there be a year during which many fish die on account of disease, spates, or the depredations of birds, then during the following spring the salmon coming up the river are found to be almost bursting with ova. That is an astounding act of Providence.

Birth control propaganda is no remedy for social ills. It distracts the attention, even of able men, from the true causes of poverty. For that reason, if for no other, it is immoral. It has only one end—a ruined and a servile State.

Trace poverty to its source, and you find, not babies, but selfishness.

ARTIFICIAL birth control is a menace to the nation. On that point the verdict of history is decisive. During the second century B.C., the Greeks became addicted to pleasure, and either did not marry at all or refused to rear more than one or two children, lest it should be impossible to bring them up in comfort. Greece fell to the conquering Romans, and they also in course of time succumbed to this moral evil.

There came a day when over the battlements of Constantinople the blood red crescent was unfurled. The Empire of the Turk spread over the whole of South Western Europe. But again the poison spread, and to-day the once triumphant foes of Christianity are decaying nations whose dominions are the appanage of Europe. In face of these facts it is madness to assume that all the Powers now existing will prove immune from decay. Already the cancer of contraceptives is spreading in our midst.

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Mr. Jack Evans, widely known athlete, was almost entirely bald as shown in photograph. He had been losing his hair a long time, he writes, but it started growing anew when he began with Kotalko. By using only three boxes of Kotalko he obtained full growth anew just as you see in the larger photograph.

*From Photo of Miss Mary Little.*

Dear Sirs:—What Kotalko has done for me is nothing short of wonderful.

Several years ago I lost all my hair.

My head was bare and shiny just like the back of my hand.

I had been under a hair specialist and a doctor, but all in vain.

One day, on seeing your advertisement, I decided to try Kotalko, and I am simply delighted that I did so, for I now have a head of beautiful curly, silk-like hair, which is admired by everyone.

Kotalko has certainly proved itself a true hair grower.

(Signed) MARY LITTLE.

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Do you know that when you hair falls out, or comes out on the comb the roots DO NOT come also. They remain in the scalp and in very many cases can be invigorated and aided to grow new hair again even after a long time. Be sure to try Kotalko.

*From Photo of Mr. P. Tucker.*

Torrington, N. Devon.

After trying different treatments without result, I was very disappointed, and thought I should be bald all my life, or else have to wear a wig.

Then I read about Kotalko, and decided to give it a trial. Please bear in mind that I was quite bald and my head was as shiny as could be when I started using your compound.

After I had used about two tins I found I had got hair coming all over my head. I continued to use it, and now I have got a good head of hair again, as shown in the photograph.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) P. TUCKER.

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**2, Percy St. (53 BJ), London, W.1**

**Send or Copy this COUPON**

Please send me post paid Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in payment.

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

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(53 B.J.)

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# Speeding-up Starting Prices

## One Good Racing Reform—Others Wanted

THE *Sporting Life's* enterprising move of issuing starting prices immediately after flag fall should be pleasing to backers throughout the country. Now, instead of an anxious period of waiting, a punter, by telephoning to his bookmaker, can ascertain and obtain the price of his horse while the race is actually in progress. When the flat commences, the prices will probably be known in the offices as the horses flash past the post.

**Follow Irish Methods.**

Another reform I should like to see is a quotation for every horse instead of the grouping together of a bunch at 100-8 others. At some of the Irish meetings full returns are often made and the outsiders are shown at 50 or 100 to 1. If these are the fair odds they *should* be returned.

**Code Tips.**

I am still receiving letters by every post asking that my code tips be inserted in this or that newspaper, but I think, now, that practically every spot in the United Kingdom has been covered. Owing to practically no papers being published on Boxing Day morning, I did not send out selections, but they will appear from December 27 onwards. There is a revised code below.

**Some Ginger Wanted.**

The punter who patronises National Hunt racing is a more long-suffering person than the man who follows the flat. He goes to his race-meeting in a crowded train, at a popular course he is wedged in a tightly packed silver ring, and, generally, he backs most of the losers of indifferent races. As he alone is responsible for the existence of the sport, it is a pity the racing executives cannot launch out with a few big races. The season proper starts on December 1 and until the "National," in March, with the exception of one or two thousand-pound races, there is not one event of noteworthy importance.

**Small Fields.**

The jumping game loses a great deal of its interest owing to the small fields which so often contest the big events—such as they are. The chief races on the cards more often than not provide the worst sport. At the last Hurst Park meeting, out of an entry of twenty-one for the Lonsdale Handicap, only three faced the starter. The prize of £400 was won by the erratic Sir Huon.

**The Manchester Meeting.**

The Victory Steeplechase, to be decided on New Year's Day, and the Victory Hurdle, on January 2, are the two most important National Hunt races since the Grand Sefton in early November. Manchester is Coulthwaite's happy hunting-ground and he will probably annex both prizes.

**The "National" and Lincoln.**

It is early to think of the great spring double, but already a large number of correspondents have asked me to name a likely pair. I think the Lincoln is best left alone until after the entries are published next month, but for anyone who may like a bet on the Grand National, I suggest Conjuror II. Coulthwaite's horse was very unlucky not to win last year. He is a magnificent jumper and has plenty of speed.

**Spring Betting.**

The ante-post books now open show Conjuror II. at fourteen to one. Shaun Spadah and Music Hall figure at thirty-three and forty to one respectively. The latter two are both tried performers and are good each-way bets. Another outsider with an excellent chance is Pencoed, who is now going into strict training for the big event. Pencoed was alongside Sergeant Murphy at Valentine's Brook second time round, but came to grief shortly after. I liked his fencing immensely. The Lincoln favourite is Jarvie, standing at sixteen to one. Jarvie is not a miler, and I would not back him at double the odds.

**Still Arriving.**

Poole started this season with over eighty horses in his stables and, at the rate they are arriving, soon he will reach the hundred. Villars and Alopex are the latest acquisitions. Both were good handicap performers on the flat. Alopex won twice this year, while Villars was considered to have a good outside chance in Captain Cuttle's Derby.

**Tetrarch's Daughter Fetches 9,000 Gns.**

The Newmarket sales which ended last week yielded the princely sum of over £860,000! I believe this figure has only been exceeded once, and then only by a few thousand pounds. One of The Tetrarch's daughters, Tetrabbazia, fetched the highest price, 9,000 gns. Right down at the other end of the table was Le Roi, a hot favourite for last year's Great Met. He was given away for 20 gns. Galroy, which was purchased as a two-year-old by Lord Lascelles for £10,000, went for £400. Sad is the fate of the mighty.

**Epinard!**

Mr. Pierre Wertheimer, the owner of the French champion Epinard, is in America, and it looks now as though the big scent manufacturer means business. My money will be on Epinard to beat Zev or anything else the Yanks can put in the field against him. Before leaving France, Wertheimer stated that he wished to arrange for a series of races at graduated distances from six furlongs to a mile and a quarter in which Epinard could meet the best American horses of his age.

**America on the Look Out.**

Crawford, America's premier steeplechase jockey, arrived here from France on the look out for a likely jumper or two to take back to the States. He has already purchased one 'chaser in France, Guingamp. Crawford, who now devotes most of his time to training jumpers, last year rode in forty-two races and won exactly half.

### "JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—
*Sporting Life, North Star, Sheffield Early Bird, Leeds Mercury, Glasgow Noon Record, Glasgow Daily Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Plymouth Sports Post, Liverpool E. Express, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Newcastle Chronicle and Mail, South Wales Daily News, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Yorkshire Daily Post, Irish Independent* and *Irish News*.

K L M Z X MM V LL H

P 9 I T S 8 B 8 R

F C OO G N D O E

Q 7 2 Y U J A W

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below, as the case may be.

H W J R M 8 would read REDHILL.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from December 27 to January 1, inclusive.

### PADDOCK PARS.

Which is the best young hurdler. Civic Guard, Savernake, or Hawn-Na-Glas?

Achillicion turned the book of form upside down when he won at Derby. This horse was purchased as a youngster by Lord Lascelles for nearly 2,000 gns. He performed badly on the flat.

One or two handicaps like the Lincoln or City and Suburban would make National Hunt racing worth while.

Pantagruel II., who ran second last week, led Epinard in most of his trial spins when the French horse was over here.

What are the odds against Captain Bennet finishing at the top of the Jumping Jockeys' Championship? He is only just "behind" the leaders, Rees and Hogan.

Objections are still cropping up at the rate of one or two a week. As I said recently, the N.H.C. should stamp them out.

Tommy Morgan, the flat-race pocket Hercules, has had two mounts over the sticks. On both occasions he has been on the curiously named Monkey Climb.

Barling, the owner of Mitchells, has such a high opinion of his young jumper that he intends to enter him in some of the big hurdle handicaps. Mitchells toyed with the opposition at Derby.

### JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

**Santaven.**—I noticed this horse running exceedingly well at Kempton in the race won by Zarano. He is one to follow.

**Rees D'Argent.**—Wootton's horse improved by leaps and bounds towards the back-end of the flat. Many people are on the look-out for him first time out over hurdles.

**Kirkwood.**—A sure winner of a two-mile steeplechase. Was very unlucky not to beat Arduous at Windsor. Had the race won, but blundered at the last jump. Arduous has won twice since so Kirkwood must be useful.

**North Waltham.**—Was a champion hurdler last year and has now been put to steeplechasing. Ran second at his first attempt. Next time he will win.

**Marchesi.**—This gelding carried a packet of money at Derby when running unplaced to Glengarry II. The form is too bad to be true and I should give him another chance. He has won five consecutive races this year.

**Tara Hill.**—I still recommend following this youngster. He was fancied to beat Civic Guard and Mitchells at Hurst Park, and his connections do not make many mistakes.

**Tranquillity.**—Ran a good fourth at Sandown and followed this up with a second behind Savernake. This filly will win shortly.

**Conjuror II.**—Coulthwaite's grand 'chaser is engaged in the Victory Steeplechase next Tuesday. Back him, or, in his absence, Ben Cruchan.

**Cavalier.**—Should be backed if seen out during the next few weeks. Anthony's horse was second best to Redhill at Hurst Park.

**Hebos.**—Has been heavily backed on his last two outings and has not had the best of luck. The third time very often pays for all.

**Glenfarg.**—Made up a heap of ground in the race won by Fariray at Haydock. Previously beat Double Bed and Morganatic Marriage, two good hurdlers. Will win again.

**Good Points.**—Proved at Derby that he is regaining his form. Has already won six races this year and will shortly add another point.

**Argo.**—Mr. Solly Joel's handicapper is now in the capable hands of Coulthwaite. He has already won once over hurdles this year and should be followed next time out.

"SILVER RING."

# Cup-tie Giants Not to Clash

## An Ideal Draw for the Big Clubs

THE Football Association will probably never depart from its present system of the Cup-tie Draw. "Selecting" or arranging the draw would not only be unpopular, but it would remove any possibility of an obscure club making any progress in the greatest of knock-out competitions. Singularly enough, however, the "big" teams will, with a very few exceptions, miss one another on January 12, the date of the first round. I do not think I shall have very much difficulty, when the time comes, in forecasting the majority of the sides likely to pass on to the second round.

**Luck of London.**

Londoners have never had such a number of Cup matches offered them simultaneously to choose from. Personally I think the best item on the card is the Corinthians-Blackburn Rovers game at the Palace. The pros ought to beat the amateurs, it is true, but it would be no certainty had the unpaid lot been able to have had a match or two beforehand against a stronger opposition than other amateurs can offer them. This will always necessarily handicap the Corinthians in their Cup quest, although I am certain half the footballing public would like to see them survive a round or two. Their chief asset against the Rovers is their knowledge of a ground on which strangers to it have seldom touched their best form.

**Some Turn Ups!**

Readers searching for winners this week-end may find them a bit elusive. All the teams will have had a busy holiday programme behind them, and in many cases it will be a survival of the fittest. I should like to see the Villa-Cardiff match at Birmingham. In the corresponding game last season Cardiff won 3—1, but I think the Villa should share the points this time. Nor do I anticipate any other result from Huddersfield's visit to Blackburn. The Yorkshiremen are clever and solid too, but the Rovers are on the up-grade.

Another likely draw is Notts Forest v. Newcastle, but there seems to me to be very bright home chances of victory for Bolton W., Burnley, Liverpool, Manchester City, Sheffield U., Sunderland and Tottenham, and a coup of five or six winners from this lot ought to cause the layers to pay out. I should not care to have much cash on the result of the Arsenal-Chelsea game. Bad teams are as unprofitable to follow as bad horses.

**The Div. II. Lot.**

I cannot forecast more than two away successes in the Second Division, but I think Manchester United, who are coming along nicely just now, should beat the City at Bradford, and Stoke, if touching their normal form, ought to win at Bristol. There again, unless there is going to be some real upset of form, a batch of home winners looks a good investment. Barnsley, Blackpool, Leeds United (despite a rough journey lately), Leicester City, Derby County, and Southampton will all have to play badly to get beaten, while Coventry City may have a goal to spare against the Palace. Oldham Athletic may by superior stamina draw at Fulham, and a share of the points is the likely outcome of the game between Port Vale and Bury.

**Britain's Best**

As I write, the Glasgow Rangers have not been beaten, and unquestionably they are the best team in Britain. A good average of 6 to 1 reveals a great attack and an equally good defence. Their opponents this week-end, St. Mirren, have a creditable record, but not one that gives them more than a fair chance of stopping the leaders. Another away victory can be predicted for Motherwell as Queen's Park have gone all to pieces since stating the season in such promising fashion. Among the good things in the home line are Aberdeen, Celtic, Kilmarnock and Partick Thistle. I am not so sanguine about Airdrieonians, Hearts, Morton and Hamilton but three of the four may just pull through.

**Cap for Wilson.**

"Charles Wilson improves with every game," writes a Yorkshire friend. He should know better than I do, since he sees Wilson once a fortnight at least, but I must say I was impressed with Wilson's recent exhibition at Highbury, when he got three "peach" goals. That form is good enough to earn him a cap if he can keep it up. Wilson, apparently, has had the sense not to change his game—or, rather, try to be cleverer than Nature intended him to be. He still goes direct for goal, and goodness knows we have enough centre-forwards who dally on the way. Wilson has transformed Huddersfield from a good team into a better one, and his comrades, far from being jealous, play up to him.

**A Rough House.**

What steps does the Football Association intend to take regarding a disgraceful display of recklessness at a recent match in London? The referee appears to have shown well beyond the lines of tolerance; in fact, while he even refrained from a caution or two, some officials would have had a few of the delinquents off the field in next to no time. That one side was as bad as the other is no excuse for the latitude shown, and the governing body would be doing nothing severe to hold an inquiry into the origin of the trouble. Knowing what good fellows the majority of professionals are and the amount of intelligence they possess, it is surprising to me how childish they can be at times and so upset by trivial incidents.

### FORECASTS FOR JAN. 5.

**THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.**
**Home Winners.**

*Cardiff, Chelsea, *Huddersfield, *Newcastle, Preston, West Bromwich, *West Ham.

**Away Winners.**

*Bolton W., *Sheffield U., *Sunderland.

**Draw.**

Birmingham v. Tottenham.

**THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.**
**Home Winners.**

*Bury, Clapton O., *Crystal Palace, *Manchester U., *Oldham. *Stoke.

**Away Winners**

*Southampton, *Blackpool.

**Draws.**

*Wednesday v. Derby C., S. Shields v. Leeds U., *Stockport v. Leicester C.

**THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III.**
**SOUTHERN.**
**Home Winners.**

*Brighton, *Bristol R., *Charlton A., *Exeter C., *Portsmouth, Watford.

**Away Winners.**

*Luton, Northampton.

**Draws.**

*Brentford v. Millwall, *Merthyr T. v. Plymouth A., Swindon v. Swansea.

**THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III.—NORTHERN.**
**Home Winners.**

Accrington, *Bradford, *Chesterfield, Durham C., Lincoln C., Tranmere R., *Wigan.

**Away Winners.**

*Wolverhampton W., *Rochdale.

**Draws.**

*Barrow v. Southport, Hartlepools v. Walsall.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE.**
**Home Winners.**

*Aberdeen, *Celtic, *Hibernians, *Partick T., St. Mirren.

**Away Winners.**

*Rangers, *Kilmarnock.

**Draws.**

*Clydebank v. Cowdenbeath, *Dundee v. Raith R., *Motherwell v. Airdrieonians.

[For coupon purposes, nap selections are marked with an asterisk.]

**A Manchester Star.**

About the most popular player in Manchester is "Micky" Hamill, who has more than a touch of Irish in his football as well as in his appearance.

Hamill was a forward in his early days, and is credited with the versatility to be able to play anywhere, but he did little in the matter of goal-scoring, and no doubt found his proper place in the middle line. Experts differ as to whether he is at his best as a wing half or a centre-half, but I side with those who prefer to see him operating in the centre.

While a clever distributor of the ball, Hamill's greatest assets are his quick guessing of his opponents' intentions and his ruthless tackling. He is seldom at fault in anticipating any move, and rarely is he beaten in a man-for-man tussle for the ball. When in action himself he frequently uses a deceptive side-step which has the other fellow tackling him on the wrong side.

Hamill has seen more than a little of football life. He left Belfast Celtic for Manchester United and then returned to Ireland after some difference or other with the English club. Before he was cajoled back to Manchester, with the City this time, he had a few games with Glasgow Celtic. He frequently played for Ireland from 1912 onwards, but has not been in the Irish team lately, being apparently satisfied with his amount of International representation.

There are still a few years of football in this magnetic Irishman, and the City will deeply regret the end of his career when it comes, as Hamill has been more valuable than ever since Max Woosnam dropped out of the team.

**No Surprise to Us.**

I told readers several weeks back to keep an eye on Northampton, and their big win in the last qualifying round of the Cup, therefore, could not have been a surprise. I hope when Northampton have beaten Halifax next month they will get a more important home match in the second round. The Northampton management has an eye to the development of county talent, and any other club that systematically pursues this policy will also have my sympathy.

**Cup Odds.**

I have been asked by a reader to give him what I consider fair odds against a few of the teams most likely to win the Cup. I should say 8 to 1 each against Huddersfield and Cardiff would be a fair bet. So would 100 to 8 against Aston Villa, Sunderland and Bolton Wanderers. I have not seen any lists lately, but I do not think many layers would be more generous. One of this batch is due for Wembley if given a fair share of the luck of the draw.

**Keen Lads!**

I have had more than sufficient evidence that this page is being read with keen interest by football enthusiasts. As an experiment, and in an effort to discover if my remarks get home, I endeavoured to pull a few legs in a recent issue by describing Sunderland as a "Lancashire club!" Hundreds of shocked readers immediately got on my track and I was snowed under with letters. All to the good, my masters!


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*Our Letter Parliament*

# Do the Dead Live?

## Our Readers Air Their Views on this and Other Subjects.

### *Is Life Worth While?*

Mr. Moseley's interesting articles on Spiritualism have only succeeded in putting into some minds a doubt regarding the claims of the Spiritists. His investigations have produced nothing but a series of "negatives," and he does not give any really helpful information to the thousands who are deeply interested in this subject. If we cannot believe in the after-life what is the use of living?—*Mary Rose, Edinburgh, Scotland.*

### *New Lives for Old.*

The question, "Do the dead live?" is a vital one, and is agitating the minds of countless numbers. Your Spiritualist investigator's methods have been fair and above board and will be welcomed and acceptable to all lovers of truth. The proving or exposing of Spiritualism is a great need. If it is proved beyond a doubt, it would cause us to remodel our lives in the hope of reunion.—*Richard Gore, Hindley.*

### *Clearing the Air.*

Up to the present the uneducated man has not known what to think of Spiritualism when he sees great and clever men having conflicting views on this subject, but the "J. B." investigations have done much to clear the air, and help him to form an opinion. They will also go a long way to prevent gullible persons being taken in by the many frauds possible under the name of Spiritualism.—*S. S. Scot, Forres.*

### *Flippant "Messages."*

I am one of those readers who have read with intense interest and pleasure your thorough investigations into the claims of Spiritualism. Surely it must be evident from your exposures that these so-called séances are nothing but tricks. It is amazing how people can allow themselves to be so easily deceived. The messages received are usually so trivial that the most believing should be sceptical.—*T. W., Falkirk.*

### *The Lingering Doubt.*

Your articles on Spiritualism have been very interesting, but neither convincing one way nor the other. As far as I can see the medium either knows, or could get to know beforehand, who is going to attend the séance. What then is to hinder the medium from making inquiries regarding their relatives, companions, etc.? Why not place before a medium, say, six complete strangers, and see what the outcome would be?—"*Unconvinced.*"

### *Credulous Women.*

Despite the fact that fraudulent mediums are constantly met with, there exists a profound mystery about spiritual manifestations that must quickly be solved if the increasing popularity of spiritualism is to be stopped. At present the evidence in support of the cult is quite strong enough to convince the average impressionable woman.—*Vernon E. Brown, Lincoln.*

### *C.I.D. Spiritualism!*

Serious doubt has been thrown on the *bona fides* of Spiritualism by the disclosures in JOHN BULL, but Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has still a chance to maintain his position. I suggest that he should get in touch with some of his "spirit" friends, who are doubtless in the proximity of the victims of recent undiscovered murders. Procure through them the identity of the criminals, and then bring the criminals to judgment!—*W. L. S., Belfast.*

*Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.*

### *Points from other Letters.*

If there is any truth in the claims that we can communicate with the dead let us have clear proof of it, but if it is all spoof, then let us finish with it for all time.—*Arthur Jones, Wrexham.*

By proving that a certain effect can be produced by expert conjuring, you do not disprove that it cannot also be obtained by psychic means. It seems your investigations have produced nothing yet.—*J. D., Edinburgh.*

I hope you will go on with your investigations in mediumship. Your articles are extremely interesting records of not uncommon experiences to Spiritualist investigators.—*M. B., Westcliff.*

I am a firm believer in Spiritualism, and have been since a child, my mother at one time being a medium. I have witnessed some queer séances also.—*L. M., Balham.*

### *C3 Marriages.*

Medical men the country over know positively how seriously the casual pre-marriage sinnings of many parents have impaired the nation's health, and the unspeakable reason why epilepsy and insanity are conveyed from one generation to another. And many are of the opinion that until a medical certificate of fitness for marriage is enforced, the dream of an A1 nation will never come true. Now that we have doctors of both sexes there is no reason why it should not be so.—*L. M., Bradford.*

### *Fair Footballers.*

Some people argue, from a maternal point of view, that ladies should not play football, as it might have serious consequences. But they forget that there are other equally vigorous sports in which women have indulged for years without ill-effects. Also there has been many an hour just as strenuously spent over the wash-tub. Football is a useful and healthy recreation, either for man or woman, as it builds up a sound, hardy constitution, which will be a fifth wheel, not only to this, but future generations.—*Stanley Wilson, Belfast.*

### *We wrote to JOHN BULL about it!*

"MY daughter has now received the unemployment money due to her, thanks to your intercession."—Mrs. O. C.

* * *

"I RECEIVED the money last week through your everwilling efforts. You got from them in 14 days what I have been trying to get for nearly 12 months. I thank you."—J. S.

* * *

"I AM very pleased to say I have now received the goods. I desire to express my sincere thanks . . . as I realise that without your help I should not have obtained them."—H. W.

### *Love Stealers.*

Referring to the letter "The Love Thief," I think it should be made punishable for the girl or woman who deliberately tries to encourage or attract married men away from their wives—or *vice versa*. To make them pay in the beginning may prevent many separations or divorces.—*L. K. C., Middx.*

### *Wife and Sweetheart.*

I quite agree with A. M. Thompson that the lover should still survive in the husband, and the sweetheart in the wife. I have been married five years and should be greatly hurt if my husband missed a day in kissing me. Why should couples after about a year or less, settle down to a "don't-care" sort of life? If couples thought more of helping one another, and saying a kind word occasionally, there would be less unhappiness in the world.—"*A Well-Wisher,*" *Cudham.*

### *Gentlemen of the Jury.*

If a man is called on jury service, and the case in which the jury is concerned happens to be adjourned for a day or two or possibly three or four days, he has no remedy if he finds in his wage envelope two or three days' wages only, with which to keep his wife and bairns for the coming week. As the law stands it is merely "bad form" to deduct wages in such cases. Why on earth don't our legislators make it definitely and absolutely illegal to do so?—"*A Breadwinner,*" *Llandrillo, Merionethshire.*

### *Light in the Dark.*

Mr. Gardiner's article on the bright prospects of a good time for Britain in the near future is like a gleam of sunshine in a persistently gloomy sky. Heaven knows we have had enough gloomy predictions lately in regard to our lowered prestige in the commercial world. There is no doubt that with conditions gradually stabilising and the demands of the world asserting themselves, Britain is once more winning back her former position in the world's markets, and when the boom comes she will excel even the brightest record of our pre-war prosperity.—*J. E., Preston.*

### *Poincare and France.*

Having just recently visited France I fear I cannot share your correspondent's view that Poincaré misrepresents French opinion. While acknowledging that it is as foolish to exaggerate as it is to minimise the real position, I am nevertheless convinced that Poincaré has the mass of his fellow-countrymen under what can best be described as hypnotic influence. The feeling in France to-day might well be compared with that which obtained in that country during the height of Napoleon's successes. This could hardly be described as teeming with the milk of human kindness.—*A. F., Cardiff.*

### *Seats for Shop Girls.*

Why can't shop girls have a seat behind each counter, on which they could have a few minutes' rest when business permitted it? I am only a young shop girl myself, but I know I am one among thousands of others who would be only too grateful if this privilege was granted. If the employers knew what a strain it is on the girls, standing from eight o'clock in the morning till seven at night and nine on Saturdays, I am sure they would do their utmost to improve conditions.—"*Young Shop Girl,*" *Glasgow.*

# Motoring for the Million

*By* MOTORMAC.

WHEN Textiles were booming, Bradford produced the evidence in the shape of Rolls-Royce's.

Things are not so good now, economy is the great cry, and expressed in car terms, it resolves itself into "Jowetts." They are to be seen by the score, and as the Yorkshireman is a shrewd and careful buyer, one is compelled to take notice of his selection.

I made some inquiries, thinking that the popularity might be due to its local origin, but found that the owners were exuberant about its powers. "It could climb a house-end," was one opinion expressed by a proud possessor who had given it many gruelling tests amongst the Yorkshire dales.

The Jowett factory is perched high on a hill, the preliminary tests are necessarily carried out under severe conditions, and I can only presume that the climbing capacity has been evolved as a result. Car fashions vary according to the geographical conditions. Other things may help. Sales capacity in a local agent is an important factor, but in the end the people will select a type suitable to the environment.

A FLABBY car was never any good for Yorkshire. The gradients are sharp and in some of the towns the rough cobbles make about the worst motoring surface possible. They want something that will pull, and something sturdy. Something to stand wear and tear, and now that they are a bit under the weather, something not expensive.

The Jowett meets their requirements—the ½d. per mile car is the ideal. In fact, they are so proud of it that they have formed a Jowett club, in which the various members beat each other's performances every week-end.

The price of the two-seater is £168 (starter extra); a roomy four-seater costs £192, fully equipped; petrol consumption 40 miles to the gallon; seven pounds tax, and from all accounts wonderfully light on repairs.

* * *

The Jowett is the last of the small cars we will review in 1923. Readers will remember that our first recommendation was also a 7 h.p.—the now famous Austin. It was selected before it won its spurs at Brooklands, and was judged by its stable. I hope early in the New Year to take it out steeplechasing on a JOHN BULL test run, and in due time will give a faithful account of its running.

* * *

Why is it that we find so many inefficiently-lighted motor-cycles on the road these nights? They are a danger to their riders and other users of the road. The reliability of electric lighting has now been proved, yet many riders still fear to use the system.

* * *

I WANT my last word this year to be one of praise for the Lady of Epsom who defended a summons for obstruction, not because she had any desire for notoriety, but in the interests of the local tradesmen. She had left her car in the street for fifteen minutes while shopping. Consequence, a fine—small, due to the good sense of the magistrate, who of course had to administer the law.

If the shopkeeper had provided a garage he would have had a fine, too, every year—the local rate collector would have seen to that!

The only way out is to press for reasonable parking facilities in all shopping centres. Local ratepayers' association kindly note this for a New Year resolution.

Play Billiards in your own home.

14/- DOWN

A Postal Order for 14/- will bring carriage paid to any address within 1 mile of a railway station in the United Kingdom, the 6 ft. 4 in. size "HOME" BILLIARD TABLE (Cash Price, £11 10s.) to fit on ordinary dining table. The balance you pay 21/- monthly. There are various sizes to fit all dining tables—see price list.

Seven Days' Free Trial Given.

Write for Free Price List.

Riley's "COMBINED" BILLIARD and DINING TABLES, from £22 10s., or in 12 or 20 monthly payments. Riley's are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Write for particulars. Estimates given free for all repairs and accessories.

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Make finer and easier to brew than you think. A 1/6 packet makes 6 gals. (Ale or Stout), or two packets 12 gals., 3/6, plus 6d. postage. Try it. Send to-day.

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If You Sell Mail-Order

Put your Ad. where the "million" look—under "Small Ads Worth Watching." One advertiser says: "I would be sorry to manage a Mail Order business without JOHN BULL." Profit by his experience and send in your ad. to-day. See page 3 for rates.

For further proof of the pulling power of these small ads. or in sending copy, address The Advertisement Manager, Small Advertisements Department, JOHN BULL, 17, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Meltis CHOCOLATE

Pocket & Packet!

The Mail Order Market

A PERFECT POSTAL SERVICE FOR BARGAIN-HUNTERS

Send for this TONIC WINE NOW!

Don't envy health! Send to-day for your bottle of "Danzovin," the nerve strengthening, blood forming, blood making Tonic Wine, Richens established over 100 years.

DANZOVIN TONIC WINE

Is indispensable to the weak and ailing, for building up after illness and wherever perfect health is sought. Send 4/6 (under power of money back guarantee) for large bottle to-day from

46 POST FREE

JOSEPH HORSON & SON IMPERIAL STREET, LEEDS

AMAZING TROUSERS OFFER.

Entirely as an advertisement we are offering these beautifully tailored trousers at practically cost price. They are of fine, heavy, dark tweed of unrivalled wearing qualities, three-quarter lined, and strength and durability have been kept in view throughout the making. Please state waist and inside leg measurement. Register notes and cross P.O.

10/6 6d. carriage.

Satisfaction guaranteed or back comes your money.

NORTH-EAST LANCS. SUPPLY ASSOCIATION, BON-BON CHAMBERS, LORD STREET, ROCHDALE.

GOOD LUCK COMES TO YOU

from the moment you possess the Ju-Ju Mystical Khanet—the wonderful luck bringer. Luck is surprising and whilst can't be explained, Thousands have turned Fortune's frown to a winning smile with Ju-Ju's magic, and delightfully write like this:

I have tried for ten years for a print and I won a substantial prize last week. R. Hines receiving manager says luck has been phenomenal.—R. W., London.

Don't smile! Have faith in the Ju-Ju and everything you touch will prosper. Make Ju-Ju your amulet and misfortune will pass you by—good luck will straighten all the time.

Sterling Silver, 5s. } post
Sat. Gold ... £1 } free

Don't wish for Luck, as many do, GET it—wear the charm Ju-Ju.

JU-JU SOCIETY.

Money refunded if not approved.

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# John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. Any flippant replies on this page are made in good part. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through a letter to JOHN BULL. Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals free of charge with Legal, Financial, Pensions and in fact all kinds of inquiries by post if a stamped addressed envelope for the reply is enclosed. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

B. E. (Clapton).—"And, after all, one man's word is as good as another's." Excepting, of course, if one of the men is a policeman.

GEO. D. (Mansfield).—"I think you will find the enclosed story dead funny." It's certainly old enough to be dead.

W. C. (Calder).—"In America, it appears, you have to see a doctor before you can be served with an alcoholic drink." From what we have heard, you badly want to see a doctor afterwards.

R. K. (Sheffield).—"It is for the husband to take the reins." And for the wife to use the spur.

J. H. (Edinburgh).—"Why condemn the people of the slums for drowning their misery in drink?" But, so often, it's only adding another trouble.

R. McG. (Paisley).—"I take this opportunity of airing my views on prohibition." And they're certainly wet enough to *need* airing.

M. L. H. (Kettering).—"I think girls really enjoy being kissed under the mistletoe." You're right, we've had it from their own lips.

S. C. (Sandown).—"I always think Police Stations look particularly cheerless on Christmas Day." All we can say on the subject is—one may be taken in.

F. O. (Reading).—"Most young wives can never make their money last." Then they should be taught to make it first.

F. V. V. (Wilton).—"There are some elderly folk who delight in restricting the enjoyment of young people." Perhaps they get their pleasures from bottled spirits.

P. K. (Aston).—"When the speaker had finished he got most applause from the gallery." And that was the highest praise possible.

F. C. (Hanwell).—"I should like to hear your readers' views." If you turn to page 22 you can *read* them.

T. V. (Rochdale).—"The time to abolish Parliament is now or never." And echo answers—never.

M. T. (Bradford).—"The woman always pays." But she's only able to pay because the man earns.

A. L. (Worthing).—"Surely some of our statesmen have brains?" They have; the trouble is they won't use them.

R. O. (Fife).—"I send you a sample of my ideas." We advise you to get in a new stock.

D. O. (Sudbury).—"What exactly is matter?" Never mind.

P. W. (Perth).—"Even swine have the sense to be vegetarians." They're pig-headed!

E. M. (Cardiff).—"Many people are suffering from the cost of living." And many are now suffering from the cost of giving!

M. S. (Sheffield).—"When is the Government going to get a move on?" Soon after Parliament meets the present Government will move out and another will move in.

E. R. (Wood Green).—"Mr. Gardiner needs challenging, so I rise to the occasion." You're puffed up!

J. S. (Bromley).—"There are no visible signs that prohibition is necessary." What you mean is that the spirits are difficult to materialise.

C. A. (Lytham).—"My opinions are worth anybody's attention." What a pity nobody will ever see them!

S. O. (Portsmouth).—"I found fists a better argument than words." From which we infer you're a handy man!

E. T. (Elgin).—"Our weather experts aren't very good at prophecy." In fact, they're as unreliable as the weather.

D. T. (Bedford).—"Taking it all round I think yours is a good paper." We're glad to have our suspicions confirmed.

P. A. (Gravesend).—"A man can't lead a Christian life on thirty bob a week." He certainly can't lead any other sort!

B. Y. (Skipton).—"The Labour Party is not getting fair play from the Rothermere Press." We don't suppose they'll lose any sleep on that account.

W. I. (Ilkley).—"There's a great deal o' sense i' thy paper." Help thisen to a pat on't back, lad!

B. J. S. (Hackney).—"When I called up to see you I was informed you were engaged." Sir! we've been *married* for some considerable time.

NORTH LIGHT (Sheffield).—"The business girl can express her individuality in her clothes, but the servant cannot. Her uniform, while attractive, is monotonous." Well! that puts the cap on it.

J. H. B. (Southampton).—"Let men of undoubted integrity with no 'axe' to grind come forward." But don't we want one or two capable of *wielding* an axe?

B. D. (Darlington).—"Things aren't too good these days, but still I have many happy days to look back on." That's the stuff! May you have many more happy days to look forward to.

F. S. M. (Hull).—"Maternity nurses are in a position to make themselves very unpleasant in the home." In our experience most of the troubles they are associated with are little ones.

J. K. (Blackburn).—"Not only was Adam the first man but he was the first *bad* man." He certainly raised Cain.

P. G. (Grasmere).—"Mrs. Hilton Phillipson lost her voice on the last day of the election, recovered, and lost it again last week." We understand that when called it answers to the name of Mabel.

V. P. (Blackpool).—"Everybody knows that bookmakers work hand in hand with each other." Many of them certainly spend most of their time "in the ring."

DISGUSTED (Rotherham).—"I think your paper would be much more thought of if you practised what you preached." You are labouring under a sad delusion which we cannot remove until you send your name and address.

G. C. (Bexhill).—"May I express my indignation in your paper." Judging from your letter you'll have to wait till we print an asbestos edition.

L. D. (Rye).—"My doctor says all my illnesses are nothing but imagination." We bet he won't expect you to say the same thing about his bill!

F. N. (Carlisle).—"You can always tell an upright straight man by his appearance." And, very often, you can tell the other kind by his disappearance.

B. V. (Luton).—"Circumstances have a lot to do with how one sleeps. Most people sleep better in some places than others." Quite correct. For instance, we, ourselves, sleep best in bed.

B. R. T. (Shettleston).—"What will the New Year bring us?" Very little, possibly. Most likely we'll have to fetch it ourselves, as usual.

T. F. P. B. (Auckland, N.Z.).—"It will no doubt be of interest to you to know that New Zealand opinion coincides with your own." Then we congratulate New Zealand.

S. W. (Wrexham).—"I don't agree with you in warning the public against using herbs as medicine." We warn the public against doing so under unskilled advice.

S. R. K. (Belfast).—"It seems to me that the average boxer does not pay enough attention to work with his 'left' hand." Possibly because the average boxer thinks he has a perfect right.

## Bull's-eyes

JUDGE PARFITT:—Rent Act disputes could be settled in five minutes if only people were reasonable.

*The disputes would never have arisen if the legislators who framed the Act had been reasonable.*

• • •

MR. PRINGLE:—I am as good a working man as Ramsay MacDonald, and if you contrast me with Ramsay MacDonald I did not marry a rich wife.

*That's the sort of cheap muckraking that makes plain men despair of the professional politician.*

• • •

MR. JUSTICE AVORY:—The leading article in the *Daily Mail* is not evidence.

*And frequently it is not even fact.*

• • •

MRS. BALDWIN:—What can they know of England who only slumdom know?

*They can, and do, know a great deal of the apathy and incompetence of those who profess to govern the people.*

• • •

CHARLES CHAPLIN:—I do not believe the public knows what it wants.

*But sometimes, as the Election proved, it knows quite definitely what it does not want.*

W. B. (Dewsbury).—"A Government such as they have in Russia would work wonders for this country, to my way of thinking." Then we don't like your way of thinking, a little bit.

E. M. B. (Swainswick).—"A narrow mind rarely considers both sides of the question." Sure, that's what keeps the mind narrow.

N. Y. (Ripley).—"The man who spoke real bread and butter got my vote." You certainly can't expect jam on it these days.

G. L. (Blackpool).—"I find making up *Bullets* is an excellent mental tonic." May you also find it a fine financial fillip—a £500 First Prize is waiting for somebody this week.

D. McM. (Bungay).—"Dancing in moderation is good exercise for the young and middle-aged." 'Shush! we old folk simply love it.

W. J. (Richmond).—"I have great expectation that you will publish this letter in full." Alas! great expectations are seldom realised.

N. P. (Pleck).—"When will the members of the London Association of Accountants secure recognition." They do, only this morning we nodded to one.

G. H. (Edgbaston).—"I could quote several other articles but space forbids." *Ours* does, anyhow.

A. D. (Dalston).—"You will always find that moneylenders take no interest in their clients." But they invariably take it *out* of them.

J. T. W. (Leicester).—"Until then, enough said!" And you've said it!

W. T. B. (Hornsey).—"I am a late shop assistant." Alarum clocks forward.

H. D. K. (Chichester).—"You will find the foregoing correct if you will look the matter up." We prefer to turn it down.

INDIGNANT (Kent).—"Biographies of great men are usually unpublished until after death." Truly, the evil that men do lives after them.

W. F. S. (Smethwick).—"Undoubtedly trade in this country is, and has been for some years, sadly crippled." Consequently we've had to have the dole as a sort of grutch.

M. S. (Frinton).—"I am taking a correspondence course in singing." Good, we hope we shall soon be able to tune you in.

O. S. (Hounslow).—"I read your paper through every week and I am glad to say that my thoughts are the same as yours." So glad to hear your brain is keeping is such good condition.

T. B. (Nuneaton).—"In trying to avoid arrest, a woman struck a constable and knocked him over." A flagrant case of laying down the law.

T. R. (Crayford).—"I can claim to be able to talk common-sense." Then why don't you try writing it?

T. J. P. (Goswell Road).—"Over one-quarter of eligible voters refrained from voting in the last election." Never mind; they'll have another opportunity very shortly.

JUST A GAL (Bungay).—"One's real self is seen in the dance-room." Personally, we don't much favour such revue-like costumes.

M. K. (Seaton).—"Harmony depends mainly on the wife." But we hope the husband is occasionally allowed to call the tune.

M. L. (Glasgow).—"I heard a priest telling the people to rise in their thousands." And next morning, no doubt, they duly obeyed

D. S. (Hanley).—"If we love we cannot see people living in misery." Cupid was ever blind.

C. R. (Flint).—"I have not answered any of the letters I received about the oil boom." Then in your case the crooks did not find a mug.

J. P. (Egham).—"The new ship of Government will sail in very troubled waters." The oil of commonsense will smooth them.

F. F. (Tonbridge).—"I look at every question all round." Which, no doubt prevents you from seeing through them.

W. J. K. (Birmingham).—"It would appear to be the sole ambition of many school teachers to make their pupils sit up." While others adopt measures that make it undesirable that they should sit down.

J. E. (King's Cross).—"Personally I don't think it is possible to eat too much." They're lucky these days who get the chance.

*(Many replies unavoidably held over.)*

"When we have produced an antiseptic which can be taken internally without risk of injury to cell-tissue, we shall have conquered infectious disease."—LORD LISTER.

# The WONDER of 'YADIL'

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC is not a drug, medicine, food, or nerve restorer, but purely a harmless antiseptic which disinfects the human body just as carbolic acid disinfects a drain. It never causes the least injury to the most delicate internal organs.

HOW TO TAKE 'YADIL': Pour one teaspoonful of 'Yadil' into a glass, swallow quickly, and immediately follow with a drink of water, tea, coffee, or any other beverage. Be sure to take it during meals or immediately after, never on an empty stomach.

THE following treatments are based on information received from medical men during the last seven years. The dose specified in each case is for an adult. When treating babies and children, the dose should be reduced accordingly. 'Yadil' Antiseptic is indicated in every case for internal disinfection, and it should be taken whenever convenient or possible. It will be noticed that the treatment of most diseases is practically the same: one teaspoonful of 'Yadil' three times a day. The explanation of this sameness is simple. Nearly every disease is caused by bacterial infection in the intestines or in the blood. 'Yadil' disinfects the intestines and the blood and the root-cause of disease being removed, health is restored.

**BRONCHITIS** One teaspoonful of 'Yadil' at every meal. Will end the trouble in a few days.

**INFLUENZA** One teaspoonful of 'Yadil' every two hours with some light food or fruit juice. If taken at first sign, the attack will not last a day.

**COUGHS** One teaspoonful of 'Yadil' three times a day. Cough will seldom last more than one day.

**DIPHTHERIA** At very first complaint of pain in throat give 'Yadil' mixed with honey—one tablespoonful of 'Yadil,' three of honey. Give one teaspoonful of this mixture every ten minutes for two hours, then every half hour for the rest of the day. Next day once every hour. All symptoms will disappear in less than ten hours, and the trouble, whether diphtheria, tonsilitis, or merely a sore throat, will have been nipped in the bud.

**GASTRIC ULCERS** One teaspoonful three times a day during meals. This will heal the ulcers, but to prevent their recurrence follow the directions given in the chapter on 'DIET' in THE YADIL BOOK.

**WHOOPING COUGH** Same as for Diphtheria. The whoop will seldom last more than two days if treated at the very beginning.

**WOUNDS** Dress with hot water in which some 'Yadil' has been poured. One tablespoonful of 'Yadil' in half a pint of hot water. Afterwards bandage with a piece of clean linen on which 'Yadil' Ointment has been smeared thickly. One such dressing will heal ordinary wounds and prevent them becoming septic.

**BURNS & SCALDS** Apply immediately pure 'Yadil' on the burn or scald and smear over it 'Yadil' Ointment thickly. The pain ceases immediately and NO BLISTERS WILL FORM. All traces of the accident will have disappeared in five or six hours.

**CONGESTION OF LUNGS** One teaspoonful of 'Yadil' hourly for first four hours, then every three hours until temperature becomes normal, which generally happens in twenty-four hours. Should be given preferably in some fruit juice. Continue one teaspoonful of 'Yadil' three times a day, with very light food, fresh and ripe, until complete recovery. There would seldom be a fatal case if this treatment were given in every case.

**CONSUMPTION** Read THE YADIL BOOK for the complete treatment, which includes 'Yadil,' pure food and fresh air. It seldom fails to effect a complete cure, even in many advanced cases.

**ANAEMIA** (Pernicious). One teaspoonful of 'Yadil' three times a day, at meal times, until complete recovery and a few days after. (Read the chapter on 'DIET' in THE YADIL BOOK.)

**FEVERS** (Blackwater, chicken-pox, dengue, measles, malaria, puerperal, rheumatic, scarlet (scarlatina), small-pox, yellow and others). One teaspoonful of 'Yadil' with some fruit juice every hour for the first six hours; then every three hours until the temperature is normal. This generally happens in the first twenty-four hours or less. Continue dosage three times a day with light food until a week or two after recovery, as a safeguard against a relapse or complications.

PNEUMONIA (See Congestion of Lungs).
MALARIA (See Fevers).
RHEUMATIC FEVER (See Fevers).
MEASLES (See Fevers).

THE YADIL BOOK, third edition, 288 pages, cloth bound. The most practical family medical book ever published. Gives treatments for over 200 disorders, all based on medical experience. Defines disease, its causes, and how to avoid it. Over 500 medical reports show the value of 'Yadil' in practically every disorder of bacterial origin. The three chapters—What is Disease?—Causes of Diseases—Doctors and Disease, should be read in every home and in all schools to teach the coming generation how to attain old age free from pain and infirmities. If you value your own health and the health of those who are dear to you, secure a copy of this book without delay and read it carefully. A copy will be sent, post free, to any home or foreign address on receipt of 2/6—or you may get it from your chemist.

# 'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC

Prepared by
**Clement & Johnson Limited Research Medical Chemists 19 Sicilian Avenue London W.C.1.**

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Liquid | ... | ... | ... | ... | 2 oz. 2/3 | 6 oz. 4/3 | Pint 12/- | Quart 22/6 |
| Pills | ... | ... | ... | ... | 50 2/3 | 150 4/6 | 500 12/- | 1,000 22/6 |
| Ointment | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1 oz. 1/3 | 4 oz. 5/- | Pastilles (for the Voice) per tin 1/- | |
| Lubricant (for Chapped Hands) | | | | | (Collapsible Tubes) | 2 oz. 1/3 | Powder (for the Toilet) per tin (In Sprinkler Tins) 1/- | |

Of all Chemists, including all branches of Boots, Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., Timothy White & Co., Ltd., Hedder & Co., Lewis & Burrows Ltd., Parkes Drug Stores, Ltd., Needham's & Squire's, Cockburn & Co., Ltd., and other Stores, or sent direct, post free, on receipt of remittance. For abroad, add 3/- for extra postage and packing.

PRONOUNCE IT YAH-DIL W.R.P.

THE WORD 'YADIL' IS REGISTERED

# The Christmas "Blues"

DANCE the "blues" round Christmas-time to your heart's content, but don't let them haunt you afterwards. Here is the jolliest thing in black and white for the blues:—

# London Mail

## XMAS XTRA

*SIXPENCE.*

# Enjoy the Movies *MORE!*

THOSE who enjoy the "movies" most are those who read "The Picturegoer"! They can tell you all about the film stars that flit across the screen, and they enjoy the films *ever* so much more because they first read the complete and lavishly illustrated stories in "The Picturegoer." Don't miss the

**JANUARY NUMBER OUT TUESDAY, JAN. 1**

***Scaramouche!***

The January "Picturegoer" contains the full story of this wonderful film lavishly illustrated in colours. To read the story is to double your enjoyment.

# The Picturegoer

*The Movie Magazine de Luxe.*

ONE SHILLING.

A 1d. P.C. WILL HELP YOU TO WIN £50. A FREE COPY—SENT POST PAID OF THE **"COMPETITORS' JOURNAL"**

can be had by any "Bullets" enthusiast who sends us a post-card with full name and address. It is the competitor's "twopenny treasure"—the only paper which assists competitors to win prizes in competitions promoted by the popular weeklies. If your newsagent is sold out—just send a p.c. to "The Publisher," "The COMPETITORS' JOURNAL," 116, Fleet Street, London, E.C., and your free copy will be dispatched.


# THE WASSAIL BOWL

## A Good Health and a Happy New Year

"HERE we come a-wassailing!" is the words of the old carol sung by children on New Year's Eve. We suppose most of our readers will sit up till twelve o'clock on the last night of the year, along with a few friends, to drink a happy New Year to one another over a cheerful glass.

The origin of the custom is of very great antiquity. Centuries ago the head of the house would assemble his family around a bowl of spiced ale, from which he drank their healths, and then passed it to the rest that they might drink too. As they drank they shouted the ancient Saxon phrase, *Wæs hael*, meaning "To your health." Thus we get the name of Wassail Bowl.

From the earliest times the poor and needy shared in the festivities which marked the passing of the Old Year, and the coming of the new, and carried a bowl round the neighbourhood, begging for something wherewith to obtain the means of filling it, so that they too might enjoy wassail as well as the rich.

There may be no carollers outside your door when the bells ring out their message of the passing of time, but we would like you to think of the poor and needy as you wassail in your own fashion, and make "The Greatest of These—" Fund the wassail bowl of the poverty-stricken thousands to whom the New Year represents only the opening of a new chapter in their hard struggle for existence.

Keep this in mind, and enter the year with a kind thought for everyone. Make the New Year a happy one in your own home and in the homes of others. Help to bear the burdens of others, and you will find the carrying of your own cares comes easy. Let your heart be as sunshine, and your life will give warmth to all around you. Thus will you and yours be happy in the New Year.

Please send us a contribution for our Fund to aid the suffering.

# "The Greatest of These—"

*Registered under the War Charities Act as the John Bull War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by John Bull.*

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Reader," 2s. 6d.; "Thew-Chew," 1s.; "One Ninth," 1s.; "Unemployed," 1s. 1d.; M. G. Brown, 1s. 1½d.; J. A. B., 6d.; "Scotland," 10s. 6d.; R. Gleave, 1s. 6d.

"Two Ninths for Loch," 1s. 1d.; "Down and Out," 2½d.; "Second and Third," E. C., 1s. 6d.; Anon., parcel; Mrs. B. Cranton, parcel and 1½d.; B. V. H., 2s. 2½d.; "Bimpo," 1s.; "A Ninth," 2d.; "A Ninth," "Woolwich," 2½d.; From a Regiment, 1s.; Capt. G. Shepherd; "Pantry's Ninth," 1s.; "Just a Ninth," 2s.—"Mardy," 10d.; "A Ninth," 6d.; "Garland," (Penrith, 2s.; R. G. F., 1s. 2d.; R. E. H., 2s. 6d.; "Franks," 1s.; R. L. H., 1½d.; "Ninety Two," 1s.; E. A., 6d.; L. M., 1s.; W. M. Thornbury, 4s.; "Withypool," 2d.; "Purple Heather," 4½d.; J. H., 1s. 6d.; "Shop Assistant," 1s.; W. Street, 1s.; "Fluffy," 1s.; G. B. Kent, 2s. 6d.; "One Ninth of Bob," 1s.; "One of the Recent Unemployed," 1s.; A. T. Kitchen, 2s.; L. B. (Wimbledon) 1s. 6d.; D. R. L. (Dorking), 1s 6d.; "Wellwisher," 1s.; "D. C. M.'s Ninth," 4½d.; "Dormant P. O.," 2½.; "Wellwisher," 2d.; "First Ninth," (Hobbithorpe), 6d.; "A Ninth," 1s. 6d.; Hebowen, 1s.; M. H., 1s. 2d.; "Optimist," (Exeter), 2s.; "Fennell's Fourth Ninth," 1s. 6d.; "Sympathy," 6d.; "Hopeful Peggy," 2d.; "Stanwick," 6d.; "Harry," 2d.; "Mrs. S. B., 6d.; F. C. P., (Fulham), 1s. 2½d.; "Norman," 2s.; "Still Hopeful," 1s. 2½d.; L. B., 4½d.; "Duchess's Ninth," 6d.; R. H. Worrall, 1s.; L. B., 2s. 6d.; "Wednesday's Willows" 6d.; G. H. B., 1s.; "One Ninth," Yardsley, 2s. 6d.; "Omnia Audax," 1s. 2d.; "Clyde," 1s.; "Neighbour," 2s. 2d.; "Birthday," 1s.; F. G., Harwood, 1s. 2d.; "One Ninth" (Euston), 1s.; G. E. F., 1½d.; "Trixie," 1s.; M. B., 2s.; "Little Elsie," 1s. 1½d.; J. W. B., 1s.; "First Day's Work," 1s. 2d.; "Hanway," 1s. 1d.; "Saturn," 2s.; "Spin," 6d.; "Hopeful Ninth," 10½d.; "Worthing Ninth," 1s. 1d.; "Foolish Widow," 6d.; "Joe's First Ninth," 2s.; F. M., 6d.; "Little to Help," 4½d.; "Bushy Ninth," 2s.; G. S. (Blackheath), 2s. 6d.; "Nemo," 1s. 6d.; "Hopeful," 1s. 6d.; "Stainer," 1s.; "A. W.," 1s.; "One Ninth," 1s. 6d.; E. B., 2s.; "Ninth" (Warwick), 2s. 6d.; W. L., 6d.; "Big Heart," 2s.; "Grateful," 2s.; "Widow," 10d.; "Many Joans," 1s.; "Cassie," 1s.; "Always Trying," 2s.; "Loadworker," 1s. 2d.; B. Burn, 1s.; "Hard Up," 7s.; "Unemployed Ex-Soldier," 6d.; "Yours Unlucky," 7½d.; W. J. E. S.; "Newport Man," 2s. 6d.; "Berrard's Green," 5d.; "Dovedale," 2l.

*Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)*

# LIST OF 100 £1 PRIZE-WINNERS

W. G. Adams, 89, Somerset Rd., Coventry; P. Allen, 12, St. John's Rd., Highgate, N.; R. Z. Appleby, 91, Sherrard Rd., Forest Gate, E.; C. H. Austin, 14, Stockwell Park Crescent, Brixton, S.W.; H. E. Bailey, 22, Bloom St., Stockport; S. Barbour, 35, Charlotte St., Walsall; H. D. Benning, 26, Poland Street, W.; Miss G. Beveridge, 732, Rutherglen Rd., Glasgow; Mrs. H. Binns, Great Bentley, Essex; J. R. Blythe, 544, Victoria Park Rd., E.; Mrs. E. Boulton, 61, Marine Parade, East, Clacton-on-Sea; G. E. Bowen, 56, Jalna Rd., Weltspool; E. Brooks, 22a, Mackenzie Rd., Beckenham; N. F. Burns, 21, Harford Rd., Woodseats, Sheffield; G. W. Cave, 16, Ennois Road, Newquay; Mrs. F. Chaikley, 4, Jubilee St., Burnham-on-Sea; J. Chamberlain, 1, Oken Rd., Warwick; H. Chrimes, Miss Fagg, Norley, Warrington; Miss E. Churchill, 36, Devonshire Rd., Palmers Green, N.; J. T. Clements, 47, Grosvenor Ter., London, S.E.; W. Cooke, 10, Travers St., Preston; Mrs. J. Cooper, Woodlands, Hinksey Hill, Oxford; A. C. Cornelius, 4, Greenway Ter., 84, Marychurch, Torquay; G. W. Cunningham, 29, Glyn Lane, Grays, Essex; D. Devereux, 161, Buckingham Rd., Aylesbury; R. Dickson, 2, Blair St., Dalkeith, N.B.; G. W. Duffield, 191, Alderson Rd., Gt. Yarmouth; W. D. Embry, 53, Worthing Rd., Lowestoft; F. Emery, 64, Wolverhampton Rd., Stafford; Miss A. Evans, 45, Conway Rd., Treorchy, Glam.; E. Farling, 59, Baltic Rd., Portsmouth; Mrs. G. Finden, 25, Frithville Gdns., Shepherd's Bush; Mrs. M. Fitzgerald, 54, Richmond Rd., Thornton Heath; Miss Forbes, The Hotel, Abernethy, Perthshire; A. Ford, West Bay Fields, Bridport; J. Frost, 11, Beverly St., Bethnal Green, E.; C. Gallehawk, Killlow, Truro; Mrs. F. E. Gray, 147, Butt Rd., Colchester; F. Greenwood, 57, Roby Hill, Upholland, Lancs.; A. Harding, 9, Stafford Rd., Bow, E.; F. C. Hardy, Brookiya, Woodhall Spa, Lincs.; H. Hayes, "Crown Inn," Codsall Wood, Wolverhampton; Miss A. Herriot, 11, Church Hill Place, Edinburgh; W. Hetherington, 42, Taylors Rd., Goose Hill, Manchester; F. G. Hockey, 6, Pleasant View, Ebbw Vale, Mon.; Mrs. A. Humphries, 16, Norfolk St., Accrington; W. G. Harvey, 18, Sylvia Rd., Ilford; F. James, 187, Malefant St., Cardiff; W. Jarvis, 53, Parkholme Rd., Dalston, E.; H. Johns, 2, Lower Ellacombe Church Rd., Torquay; W. J. Jones, 34, St. Phillips Rd., Norwich; Miss P. Keogh, 101, Lyndhurst Rd., Worthing; J. Kerrigan, 6, Ruby St., Heath, Cardiff; W. J. Kenrick, 58, Lowesmoor Hill, Bristol; E. King, 7, North View, Kingston Rd., Ewell; H. C. King, 126, St. Albans Rd., Dartford; J. Launchbury, London Fields, Farlington, Horsham; F. W. Lovell, 1, Conway Rd., Luton; W. May, Burley House, West Ardsley, Wakefield; Miss M. McDonald, 180, Clarendon St., Hull; H. R. Miller, 16, Sithney Terr., St. Budeaux, Plymouth; E. Milner, 4a, Valley Bridge Parade, Scarborough; L. J. Minchin, 3, Lax Terr., Norton Rd., Norton-on-Tees; Mrs. O. Morgan, 52, Pritchard St., Treorchy, Glam.; A. J. Moss, 240, St. James' Rd., Old Kent Rd., S.E.; A. G. Nash, 1, James St., Petersfield; J. Nimmons, 9, Nevis Avenue, Belfast; Mrs. E. Nix, 271, Hither Green Lane, Lewisham, S.E.; W. Paxton, 14, East Arthur Place, Edinburgh; G. Peirce, Winscombe, The Common, Cranleigh, Surrey; E. W. Piker, 4, Montserrat Rd., Putney, S.W.; Miss A. Pumfrey, 1, Moor Path, Luton; W. Poole, 19, Morris St., North Ormesby, Middlesbro'; J. Prince, 32, Belgrave Rd., Dover; A. W. Rawson, 144, Dalston Lane, Dalston, E.; W. S. Read, 83, Wray Rd., Redford, Coventry; Mrs. S. Reynolds, Cottingham, Market Harborough; E. H. Rose, 5, Leazie Terr., Newcastle; G. Robinson, 10, Blakegrove Rd., Upperthorpe, Sheffield; E. Rose, 42, Tenalmeon St., Hulme, M/C.; H. Routledge, The Empire Theatre, Rotherham; Miss A. Scott, 46, Oakes Rd., Cowling, Keighley; A. Simmons, 50, Ceres Rd., Plumstead, S.E.; Mrs. B. Smith, 72, Shay Lane, Ovenden, Halifax; E. Stevenson, 23, Leasley Rd., Lancaster; T. S. Stewart, Westbrigging Cottage, 84, Vigeans, Arbroath, N.B.; H. Sutherland, 106, Kimberley Rd., West Southbourne, Bournemouth; W. J. Tandy, Brewery House, Albert St., Newark-on-Trent; J. H. Taylor, 59, Moss St., Accrington; W. Thomas, 62, Muriel Rd., Norwich; W. R. Till, 113, Croydon Rd., Caterham Valley; J. Tilley, 43, St. Barnabas Rd., Leicester; J. Urquhart, 10, Scuberie Av., Letchworth; G. Walton, 12, Hartree Cottages, Langwith Junction, Mansfield; Mrs. J. A. Warham, Laburnum Cottage, Byley, Middlewich, Cheshire; F. C. Waterman, 7, Morley St., Kettering; J. White, 22, Alfred St., Sparkbrook, Birmingham; F. G. Withers, 13, Gale Rd., Cramp Hill, Hertford; Miss F. Wodhull, 62, Broad St., Banbury; H. F. Wright, c/o M. E. Assce. Ltd., 60, South King St., M/C.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 826 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all cash and other Prize winners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

# RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 505.

**FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:**
**Mr. W. COLEMAN,**
**Cecil Lane, Austerson, Nantwich, Ches.**
Example :—NEW HOUSE
Bullet :—ONLY "LAURELS" PROFITEER HAS.

**SECOND PRIZE OF £300:**
**Mr. G. R. GOODWIN, 11, Glendon Street, Deptford, S.E. 8.**
Example :—MY AMBITION
Bullet :—ONCE HOLIDAY—NOW WORK.

**THIRD PRIZE OF £200:**
**Mr. H. J. PROCTOR, 14, Wharton Terrace, West Hartlepool.**
Example :—CROSSING THE ROAD
Bullet :—STIFF NECK—NEXT STIFF.

**FOURTH PRIZE OF £100:**
**Mrs. H. HARRISON, 18, Fleetwood Road, Dollis Hill, N.W. 10.**
Example :—ENCOURAGING
Bullet :—SMILE, IS LOVE'S ESPERANTO.

**FIFTH PRIZE OF £90:**
**Mr. P. HUGHES, 4, Turret House, Hunstanton.**
Example :—AFTER WORK,
Bullet :—CIVIL SERVANT ATTENDS MATINEE.

**SIXTH PRIZE OF £80:**
**Mr. E. J. JONES, Cartref Trehaire, Pontardawe, Swansea.**
Example :—PERHAPS
Bullet :—GOVERNMENT THINKS HOUSES BREED.

**SEVENTH PRIZE OF £70:**
**Mr. W. G. REED, College Hill Chambers, Cannon Street, E.C. 4.**
Example :—MOVING THE CROWD
Bullet :—AT BRIGHTON—CALL "SOLLY!"

**EIGHTH PRIZE OF £60:**
**Mr. D. GILDON, "Ellamslie," Highstone, Leytonstone, E. 11.**
Example :—HOME FIRES
Bullet :—WIRELESS MAKES OUR FOOTLIGHTS.

**NINTH PRIZE OF £50:**
**Mr. E. THOMAS, Enfield Cottage, Cardiff Road, Llandaff, Glam.**
Example :—PERHAPS
Bullet :—DARLING'S JOKES WERE EXHAUSTED.

**TENTH PRIZE OF £25:**
**Mr. I. DUDDIN, Rose Cottage, Beech Grove, Whickham, Co. Durham.**
Example :—HAPPY FATHER
Bullet :—IF "SANTA" REALLY CAME.

## 5 Prizes of £10 each:

Mrs. D. J. GRIEG, 39, Spring Vale, Middleton, Lancs.
HAPPY FATHER—GOT THEM ALL "PLACED."

W. E. STANLEY, 8, Mead Row, North Lambeth, S.E.1.
NEAR SQUEAK—IF WIRELESS OPERATOR RESCUED.

C. FERGUSON, Port Charlotte, Islay, N.B.
MODERN MAID—"WITCH" RARELY HOLDING "BROOM."

Mrs. F. E. TITTERINGTON, 157 or 57, Manchester Road, Hyde.
ENCOURAGING—RETURN, POSTING PRESENT EARLY.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

B. SPRINTALL, 23, Archer Street, West Hartlepool.
A GOOD WIFE—"SECOND"—NOT "SPARING PARTNER."

## 10 Prizes of £3 each:

Mrs. L. POOLE, 4, Birch Avenue, Caterham, Surrey.
UP TO US—FOREIGN TARIFFS—NOT HATS.

J. A. SAUNDERS, 15, Gwendoline Street, Merthyr Tydfil.
DARK AND FAIR—DEALINGS, CLEVER ROGUE MIXES.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

H. RIDDELL, 49, Canning Street, Woodside, Birkenhead.
MODERN MAID—IT'S TIME JUSTICE BECAME.

Mrs. J. BURNAND, 18, Norfolk Row, Pargate, Sheffield.
COMING ROUND—COUNTER, WHEN SOCIALIST SHOPS.

J. BOOTH, 21, Dunford Street, C.-on-M., Manchester.
FOOTBALL—WITHOUT ONE, RUSSIAN DANCING.

Mrr. G. JOHNSTON, Ex-Service Men's Cotts., Maze Road, Hillsborough, Co. Down.
OUR MEMBER—URBANE—AFTERWARDS OUR BANE.

R. MacINTYRE, c/o Sloan, 16, Keyden Street, Kinning Park, Glasgow.
ENCOURAGING — WINK, PRECEDES OFFICIAL'S CENSURE.

SAM GRANT, 133, Holm Street, Glasgow.
PERHAPS—HOOTER ON WESTMINSTER.

E. J. BULLOCK, Eton House, Eton Road, Burton-on-Trent.
THE RESULT—REMEMBERED, CHARITY PERFORMANCE FORGIVEN.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

J. SEAR, Colwall, Herefordshire.
WORTH WATCHING—WHETHER WRITING RESEMBLES REFERENCES.

## LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 507.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
MAKES US THINK
WAITS
GIRLS AND BOYS
WALKING HOME
FINISHED
TOMMY'S STOCKING
OVER HERE
I WISH THAT
BORN TIRED
IN THE MINORITY
OFF COLOUR
NOT FOR SALE
AN HONEST MAN
MY PRESENT
THERE'S NO TELLING
HER RESOLUTION
GETTING OWN BACK
FIRST OFFENCE
EXPECTING COMPANY
SPOILING THE PICTURE
MODERN LIFE
ROUND THE FIRE
ANOTHER YEAR
A DANCE
UNDER THE MISTLETOE
LITTLE WILLIE
PARTY GAMES
STUFFING
MY WIFE SAYS
A TOY
WHAT MONEY WILL DO

## "BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

**List of 100 £1 Prize-winners will be found on page 30.**

## HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any **Two, Three or Four words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example* :—CAPITAL LEVY *Bullet* :—WISH IT WORRIED ME. *Example* :—GOOD LOOKS *Bullet* :—NOT WHEN SHE'S "ROUSED." *Example* :—HER HERO *Bullet* :—BEFORE—HER HEARER AFTER. The entry for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

**ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO** "Bullets" No. 507, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Closing Date, Thursday, January 3.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
507 P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 3.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(507) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

Closing Date, Thursday, January 3.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(507) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 3.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(507) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 507 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

Starting Next Week! 'BULLETS' NEW WEEKLY PRIZES
FIRST PRIZE £250 2nd. £100 3rd. £50 4th. £25 5th. £10
and many other cash prizes

# Indigestion

## Pain and Discomfort after Food.

**If your food disagrees and does not nourish you—take the remedy which never fails—Dr. Cassell's Tablets.**

**Indigestion is one of the curses of modern life. It occasions malnutrition—anæmia—blood impurity—constipation and many other ailments of the food channel. The safe and sure remedy is a course of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. This splendid medicine tones up the stomach and the bowels. Try two tablets after meals for a week—your whole outlook on life will be altered. You'll be on the road to perfect health.**

***Mrs. Fanny Palmer's Statement:***

**Mrs. Fanny Palmer, of 5, Lower Windsor Street, Banbury,** in a signed statement, says: "I am quite sure that Dr. Cassell's Tablets saved my life. Five years ago I fell ill with such serious indigestion that nobody thought I could live. It commenced with a distaste for food, but soon it became the most awful suffering and I experienced agonies. I was afraid to eat and I wasted away to less than six stone. People said I was like a ghost; at any rate there was no strength in me, and I was just a shadow and as white as a sheet. I never slept and could get no rest. When I tried to eat I vomited. Medicines did me no good—I had all sorts of things, and I certainly could not have lived much longer. Then a neighbour advised Dr. Cassell's Tablets. With the third box I got relief. Then I improved fast. My strength came back. I put on flesh, and since then my health has been wonderful."



**The Universal Home Remedy for**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Nervous Breakdown | Neurasthenia | Kidney Weakness |
| Neuritis | Nerve Pains | Children's |
| Indigestion | Headache | Weakness |
| Sleeplessness | Anæmia | Wasting |
| | Palpitation | |

**Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.**

# Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

**TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME**
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

**Home Price, 1/3: Family size, 3/-.**
Of all Chemists and Stores throughout the Empire.


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